

The Sketch

No. 1304—Vol. CI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1918.

NINEPENCE.



ENGAGED: LADY ELFRIDA WENTWORTH-FITZWILLIAM, DAUGHTER OF EARL FITZWILLIAM; AND VISCOUNT CARLTON, SON OF THE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE.

The engagement was announced on Saturday morning of Viscount Carlton, Life Guards, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, and Lady Elfrida Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, eldest daughter of Colonel the Earl Fitz-

william, D.S.O., and the Countess Fitzwilliam. Lady Elfrida was born in 1898; and Lord Carlton in 1892. The Countess Fitzwilliam is a daughter of the 1st Marquess of Zetland.—[Photograph by Russell, inset by W. and D. Downey.]



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

ELEMENTARY POLITICS.

(Candidates of either sex who obtain 60 per cent. on this paper will be entitled to a vote.)

1. State what you know of the following—Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Pemberton-Billing, Mr. Balfour, the Archbishop of York, Mr. Hogge.
2. Who was the latest prominent politician to introduce the idea of Tariff Reform to this country? State whether you are or are not in favour of the passing of this measure, giving your reasons as fully as possible.
3. What are the duties of the Serjeant-at-Arms? When were they last exercised?
4. Define briefly (a) oratory, (b) rhetoric, (c) guff, (d) eyewash, (e) terminological inexactitude, (f) unparliamentary language, (g) foozle.
5. Draw up a short scheme for giving Home Rule to Ireland without resort to bloodshed or an article by Mr. J. L. Garvin.
6. Are you in favour of payment for Members of Parliament? If not, state how you expect to pass on this paper.
7. It has recently been said that there are only two living statesmen whose speeches will be read by future generations for their literary grace. Name two living statesmen.
8. If you are granted the vote, do you expect to have any use for it? Presuming that your answer is in the affirmative, state in which members of your family lunacy has occurred.
9. Are you a Hebdomatist, a Hedonist, or a Phantasmagorian?
10. Draw up a list of the ablest politicians in this country, exclusive of those to whom the following terms have never been applied by the Press: (1) Traitor, (2) Liar, (3) Rogue, (4) Cheat, (5) Wastrel, (6) Robber, (7) Murderer, (8) Patricide, (9) . . .

Are Honours Easy? I have been told—being no longer a free man, I have not the time to verify the statement for myself—that in the recent list of honours there appeared no less than two thousand five hundred names.

It seems to me, after thinking the thing out in the quiet watches of the night, that this is either too many or too few. I am not disrespectful. I yield to no man in my loyalty. But it stands to reason that these two thousand five hundred "cases" cannot have been personally investigated by the Exalted Personage in whose name they are bestowed.

The Man in the Camp, therefore—who has taken the place of the Man in the Street—is rather anxious to know if these two thousand five hundred have excelled the rest of the inhabitants of the British Isles in their war zeal and their war sacrifices? In other words, if you can get a K.S.R.B. for attending a canteen for two hours twice weekly, what should he have who has given up his wife, his home, his income, his career, and his friends—last, but not least—to follow the drum?

"THE MULBERRY-BUSH."

(AN IMPOSSIBLE POST-WAR DIALOGUE.)

(Scene—a Street. Enter, severally, Two Gentlemen.)

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Well met, friend. You look merry!

SECOND GENTLEMAN. As a grig! See! My decoration!

FIRST GENTLEMAN. My congratulations! For what bestowed?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. My wife and I collected clothing for the naked.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Fine! And your good lady? She, too, has a decoration?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Oh, yes! Her sister, also.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Indeed? What a happy family!

SECOND GENTLEMAN. You may say that! My neighbour on the left—he, too, is very jcyous.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Ah! And what did he?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. He drove in his car the soldiers on leave from Victoria to Paddington.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. A gallant act! In all weathers, no doubt?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Oh, surely. With the help of his chauffeur on too wet days. Then my neighbour on the right.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Yes? What of him?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. He is most radiant. He caused to be dug up his tennis-lawn, growing thereon tomatoes for the use of the sick and wounded.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Noble fellow! His gardener, no doubt, shares in his great joy?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Oh, yes—by reflection. Then my friend over the way. His three daughters are in ecstasies!

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Good girls! They did their bit?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. You put it most eloquently. The eldest designed no less than seventeen uniforms for war-workers.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Great work! And the other two?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. They wore them. But what of yourself? Where is your Order of the Glad Smile?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Oh, I am still a commoner.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. So? Have you not, then, received a heartener?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Not at present.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Dear dear! I fear you must have been slack in your endeavours in the Public Cause! Have you accomplished nothing of value in your spare time?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Spare time? You are pleased to jest.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Far from it. Look at me. I am a busy man, as all the world knows. I control a huge business, which flourishes under my direction. And yet, as I say, I addressed envelopes for my wife on two evenings a week. My neighbours, also, are men of vast enterprises. Yet they contrived to gain distinction. So what excuse have you?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. None—save that I joined the Army.

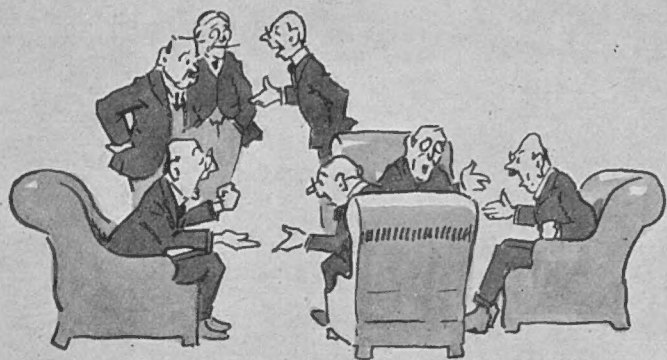


AT A CHILDREN'S DANCE FOR CHARITY: FREDA, DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS AND LADY WILLIAMS.

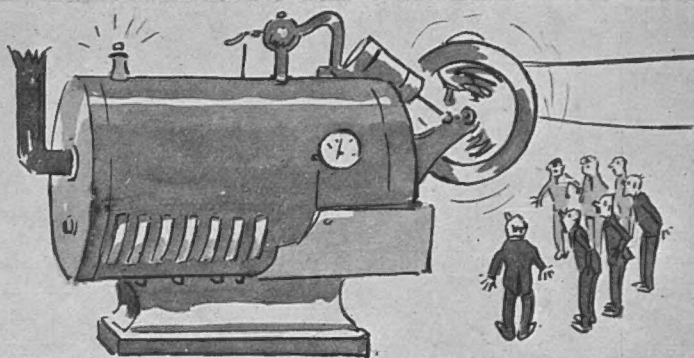
Little Miss Freda Williams is here seen as she was at a children's dance held recently at the Ritz in aid of the Cripples Fund. She is four. Sir William Willoughby Williams, fifth Baronet of a creation dating from 1798, married Violet Henrietta, daughter of the late Thomas Hector Powell, of Singapore, in 1912.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

STUDDIES IN STATISTICS.



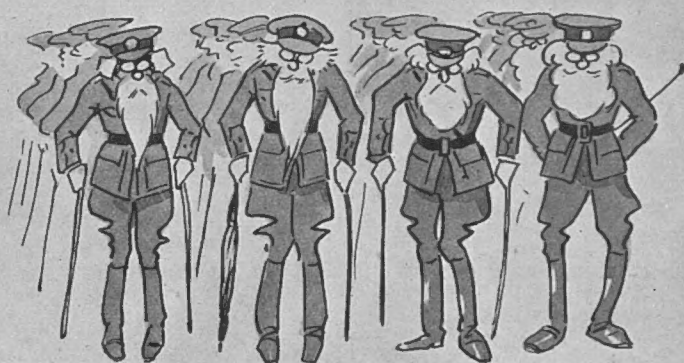
THE ENERGY EXPENDED DURING THE AFTER-LUNCH
WAR-DISCUSSION IN A WEST-END CLUB,



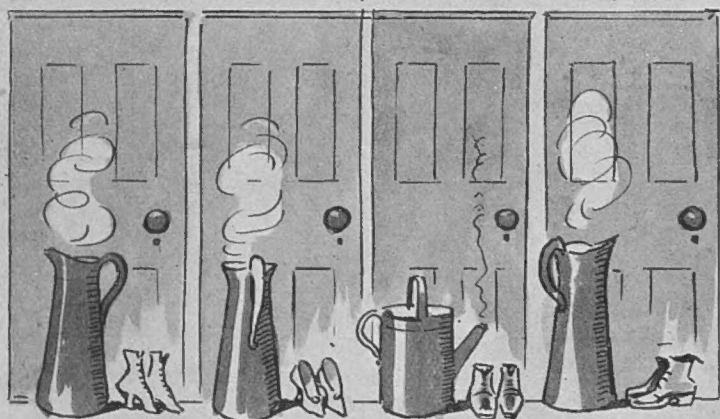
WOULD DRIVE A HOT-AIR ENGINE, THIS SIZE,
FOR EIGHT HOURS.



THE TOTAL TIME WASTED PER DAY, WHILST LONDONERS
WAIT TO GET THEIR HAIR CUT,



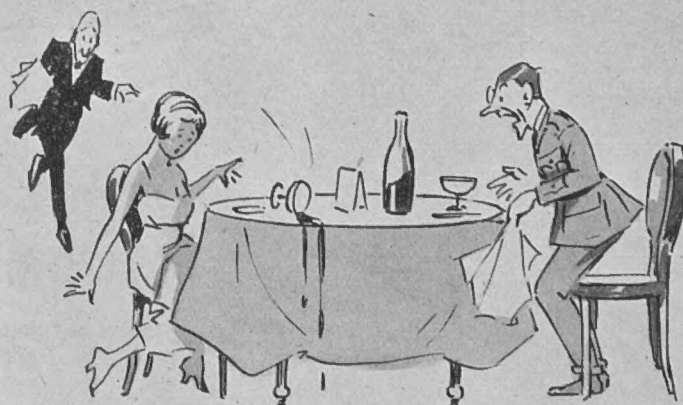
WOULD MAKE ONE HUNDRED SUB-LIEUTENANTS
EXACTLY THIS AGE.



THE HEAT LOST OUT OF THE HOT-WATER CANS, ALLOWED TO
GET HALF-COLD EVERY MORNING, WITHIN THE 4-MILE CIRCLE,



WOULD WARM A TRENCH, 25,006 YARDS LONG
FOR 24 HOURS.



AND THE GLASSES OF WINE SPILT IN LONDON
RESTAURANTS IN THREE DAYS,



WOULD MAKE A PACIFIST, 18 FEET HIGH,
SPEECHLESS FOR A MONTH.

CAREFULLY COMPILED BY OUR ARTIST STATISTICIAN FROM UNIMPEACHABLE DATA: WASTE OF DYNAMIC
ENERGY IN WAR-TIME SHOWN IN PICTORIAL DIAGRAM.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



Myrtle for Love.

One of the prettiest brides of the year is the Countess of Carlisle, who was Miss Bridget Ruthven. She has very picturesque notions, and at her marriage carried a bouquet of myrtle, which I am told came from the bridegroom's place. Lady Carlisle is very popular in Scotland, and excels at all the Scots games. Lieutenant the Earl of Carlisle, though young, gives promise of a distinguished career, and is very popular with his brother-officers and his tenants. He has a great following

in the North, where the marriage has excited much interest. Lady Carlisle has set a new fashion by having three little pages at her wedding, and but one small bridesmaid. Usually the girls outnumber the boys. Miss Jean Ruthven is a serious-minded little person with charming manners, and well used to keeping the small boys who were pages, and are her playmates, in order. She is one of the modern little girls who have been taught courtesies of other days, and to see her curtsy to elder people makes one wish that all children were taught this practice.



"A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST THE KAISER; SUPPORT THE OLD FIRM!"

The Rambler writes that "if the Tank banks could get the money bet on horses Mr. Bonar Law would be pleased." If John Bull can't stop the betting craze, he might turn it to good account. What price Premium Bonds?

ways, Mr. and Mme. Bourgeois, Mme. Delune, Mr. Cloudeley Brereton. The usual cakes were provided, in which were found the bean which entitled the finder to wear a golden crown and choose her king. Sir James Frazer gave an interesting account of the history of this custom from its earliest beginnings. Professor Mantoux also gave a very witty speech on "La Fête des Rois en France." Mr. Terracher spoke on "La Fête des Rois en Normandie." The Marquis de Chasseloup-Loubat, the chief guest of the evening, spoke on "Les Marins et les Soldats." The dinner was followed by a programme of ancient songs, by M. and Mme. Bourgeois.

The Blue Triangle. Another notable dinner which took place at the same club—which is a centre of social energies—was that given in honour of the admirable war work achieved by the Young Women's Christian Association. Lady Rhondda was present, and made a neat



LABOUR MILITANT: MR. WILL THORNE, M.P., ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS AT WEST HAM.

Mr. Will Thorne, who had not been selected to stand again for West Ham, explained his advocacy of conscription and the destruction of German military power with a view to a democratic peace. He obtained a vote of renewed confidence.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The Ham of a Herring.

I do not know whether it is the meatless days that make the cold weather so unpleasant this

year, but I suppose not. Lord Rhondda, when I saw him walking with his daughter recently, looked in splendid health; and I have it on high authority (we don't say these things so often now, I notice) that he has gone for weeks without any sort of meat—excepting the kind you find on a herring. Perhaps his sense of humour helps to keep him warm: I hear that is one of the reasons why he is so popular with his staff.

Kitchen Experts— to the Rescue!

At one of the recent lectures given by the Earl of Denbigh on War Aims, Mr. William Hudson spoke of the need of women's clubs for women whose work and circumstances have removed them more or less from home



A PATRIOTIC VISCOUNT: LORD PORTMAN.

Viscount Portman has ordered deer on his estate to be killed and sold in the local market to relieve the meat shortage at Blandford, Dorset.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

life. Unfortunately, women workers have so little time to meet, co-operate, plan, and bring into being what would be not only an advantage but a necessity to them. It remains to the women or men with leisure and organising abilities to do for them what has and is being done for our fighting men. Huts, hostels, restaurants, clubs which will help over-worked women in their daily routine by providing food at cost prices, pleasant rest-rooms, and writing-rooms commend themselves to the energies of everyone interested in social questions. Marketing and cooking, always an art, has become a *tour-de-force* these days, and now is the time for experts to take the job in hand for the benefit of the community. Much time and energy, food and money, will be saved when every street, whether in West or East End, shall have its public kitchen and restaurant rooms.

Testing Your Skill and Tasting Your Own Cuisine.

Have you ever tried cooking a meal for twenty-four guests and then dining with them? I haven't, but Mr. Piazzani has. All London rings with his fame. His war work is to prove to the British public, including me and you, how economically and nicely we can live in war-time by exercising a little ingenuity, or borrowing his creations in the way of recipes. It must have cost Mr. Piazzani a pang to leave his beautiful country place, with its wonderful gardens planned by himself, to spend a winter in town, but everyone has to make their sacrifice now if they wish to serve. All Society goes to his demonstrations, which are given at the houses of friends. He has already given twelve demonstrations, though this year he only began on Nov. 23. The next four are due in February, the first on Feb. 5 at 2, Wilton Terrace; and for the space of three weeks afterwards you may count on a weekly lecture there on a Tuesday. The kitchen has been kindly lent by Mrs. Lacon. Tickets, 4s. each, or 14s. for the four, can be had of Mr. P. Piazzani, 20, Half Moon Street, W. Lady Prinsep, the Countess of Albemarle, Viscountess Gort, and a host of other well-known folk have attended these lectures, and I can tell from personal experience that the recipes are exceedingly good and useful and economical. Mr. Piazzani published a delightful little book, "Dainty Dishes for the Camp and Home" (the first edition of which was sent to the front), giving some



"IT SUITS YOU BEAUTIFULLY: I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU LOOK SO SOLID AND CHEAP."

"In Berlin the municipality has decided to 'standardise' blouses, and has put on the market 43,000 garments. . . . 'It has not aimed at style or elegance, but has sought to produce something durable, combining solidity of material with cheapness of price.'—Daily Express Amsterdam correspondent.



"Private fruit-growers are advised to begin saving sugar out of their rations for jam-making. Such saving, the Sugar Supply Commission announce, will not constitute hoarding."—Daily Paper.

of his recipes, early in the war, when cream, eggs, and butter were plentiful. The proceeds from this went to charities. Another book is in course of preparation which will tell our Army how to live joyously as well as comfortably on their rations. It is being prepared at the wish of a distinguished Army officer, a friend of the author. It will also tell most of us how to make delicious dishes without eggs, butter, or other expensive ingredients.

Penn and Pleasure.

Spent a week-end at Penn lately. The village of Penn lies five hundred feet up amongst the pine-woods, and is ever so healthy; only twenty-four miles from town, and unknown to air-raids. Various nice people have houses there—amongst them Sir Courtenay and Lady Ilbert, who own a glorified old farm; he is Clerk to the House of Commons. Lady Bertram Dawson, wife of the King's physician, and Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Gastrell are also wintering there. Mr.



ANIMAL-QUEUE-LAE?

"Outside a shop near the Elephant and Castle there was a rabbit queue."—Daily Paper.

the war needs of our country. He gave, by the way, a pound of tea to all his retainers this Christmas, to their unbounded delight. I thought, perhaps, there might be an older side to Penn history—and there is, for it is one of the homes of the Friends; even now some of the farmsteads display large black letterings from the Scriptures upon the walls facing the roadway. On Sundays they can be seen returning from Meeting in their pony-carts; the women still keep to the quaint little straw bonnet. The village is most picturesque: low-roofed houses, some of timbered red brick, others built with rough flint walls and brick facings, a round archway over the door, cluster on the hilltop. There is the famous Crown Inn, with the broken old oak-tree before it, nestling (in the summer time) amongst roses and cherry-orchards. Penn, by the way, is in the heart of the cherry-orchard country—and is one of the few remaining places where Buckinghamshire lace is made by some of the old inhabitants. One lady of ninety-odd is still making pillow-lace in her cottage. The church, dating from Norman times, gazes serenely across the Beacon, with the town of Beaconsfield far below; and the spires of Windsor can be seen in the distance. The dead rest beneath the old-style bench-back wooden tombs—I nearly said tombstones, but of course they *aren't*—so seldom seen nowadays. Inside the squat church, under the



A FAMOUS ACTRESS AS NURSE:
MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Miss Nethersole is seen saying good-bye to some of her patients at the New End Hospital, Hampstead, where she is a great favourite.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Children's Days. Lady Irene Curzon was very successful with the children's party *costumée* at the Ritz the other day, which she and Miss Vacani organised in aid of Sir William Treloar's crippled children's fund. Lady Curzon of Kedleston and Lady Suffield were there to receive Princess Patricia, who distributed



A PATRIOTIC DUKE:
HIS GRACE OF
MARLBOROUGH.

The Duke has placed at Lord Rhonda's disposal 500 head of cattle, which will be distributed, 50 a week, by the Ministry of Food where needed most.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

the prizes for the most original fancy dress. The Princess wore a champagne-and-black dress, and was *chapeauté* in black. The first part of January is generally children's best time. On the 14th the lucky kiddies had another pleasant afternoon at the Empress Room, where a *thé dansant* was given in their honour by Miss Harding. Demonstration dances by some of the children were one of the features. Some kind youngsters brought those of their parents who had been good over Christmas.

Mental Medicine.

Lady Maud Warrender's neighbour in Great Cumberland Place, Mr. Alexander Erskine, who has been curing shell-shock by hypnosis, gave a little talk and demonstration of his work and the results at the Æolian Hall on Tuesday (15th inst.). Mr. Erskine claims to have cured cases of blindness by suggestion, and it seems many of the prejudices against hypnotism are unfounded. One of the most interesting statements Mr. Erskine made—and it is upheld by doctors—was that no person in a state of hypnosis would do anything which they would not approve of in the ordinary way. Other well-known hypnotists who are doing valuable work in connection with shell-shock cases are Dr. Leahy, who attends at the Prince of Wales' Hospital, and Miss Bourke, who works under several well-known doctors. I hear this curative treatment is also being used in France with great success.



FROM THE STAGE
TO THE FRONT?
MR. LESLIE HEN-
SON, R.F.C.

Mr. Leslie Henson, leading comedian in "Yes, Uncle!" is a Class C man, and when "off" has been doing clerical work in the Air Department. He recently received orders to go to the front, but it was suggested he might be better employed "keeping the people's pecker up at home."

Photograph by Foulham and Banfield.

"Pontius Pilate's Guard."

Among the happiest people in Switzerland at the present time are Colonel MacMicking, 2nd Royal Scots, and his wife and young sons. Colonel MacMicking left England for what proved to be the Battle of the Marne as soon as war broke out, and he was carrying on with five wounds when at last he fell. For a

long time it was believed he was dead, several people declaring they saw him lifeless on the battlefield; but it was at length discovered he was a prisoner in Germany. He was recently sent to Switzerland, where his family joined him.

His wife is the daughter of the Duke de Stacpoole, who has lost two sons in the war and had a third badly wounded. I wonder, by the way, if it is generally known what the "Who slept on guard?" that used to be shouted to the Royal Scots by other regiments means. This famous Lothians regiment, the old 1st Foot, is called "Pontius Pilate's Guard"

because it is said to be descended, through the Guards of the old Scottish Kings, from the Roman Legion that last garrisoned what is now Berwick-on-Tweed; and legend has it that it was stationed at Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion and furnished the



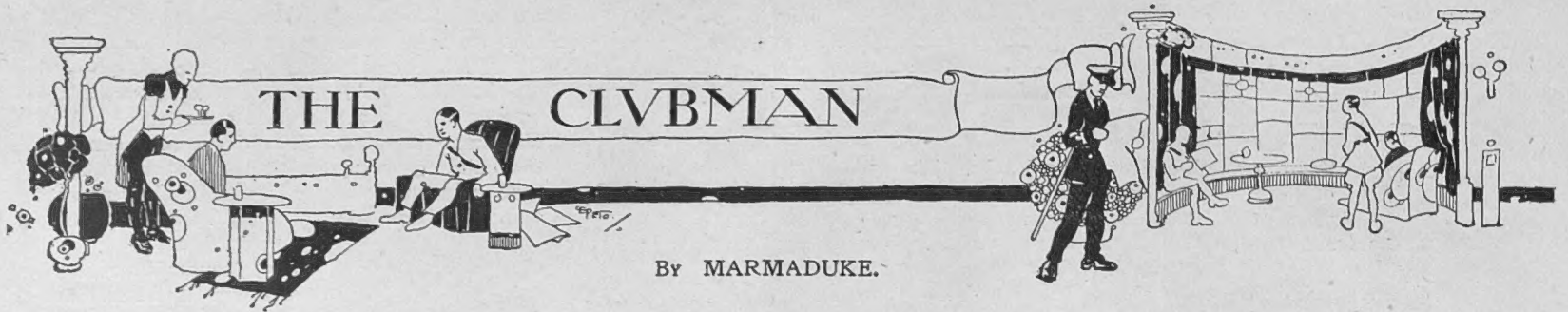
LET US ALL KEEP OUR HAIR ON!
"Hairdressers of several saloons in London have come out on strike."—Daily Paper.

PLUMBER



THE B.P.Q. (BURST PIPE QUEUE): UNPLUMBERED DEPTHS OF MISERY.
The state of things when all the water-pipes burst and there is only one plumber.

guard over the Sepulchre—whence the "Who slept on guard?" It would be interesting to know whether any of them were at the taking of Jerusalem.



By MARMADUKE.

BUT one course is possible—to make "Militarism" impossible!

Never did man aspire to be Conqueror less qualified than the Kaiser for Conquest—than to imagine Nero leading the Legions of Cæsar no closer equivalent could be suggested!

As Nebuchadnezzar ordered Shadrach, Mesach, and Abednego to be burnt, so did the Kaiser propose to destroy Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; the last will step from the furnace untouched, as did the first.

To turn to account the follies of others is not "wisdom"—but a more contemptible form of folly.

With regard to many men and women, it is obviously incorrect to describe death as the "last rest"; it is the first.

"The Romance of Rags" would be an alliterative and attractive title; the experiences at the moment of the waste-paper merchant would supply ample material for several volumes! So serious is the danger that a West-End bookseller has addressed a letter to the newspapers warning the public not to sell books, manuscripts, or papers without exercising the utmost care; the appeal is accounted for by facts with regard to which all are talking. That already many valuable documents and books have been destroyed, or sold innocently as "rubbish," since the demand for "waste-paper" has increased is notorious. Sixteen of the twenty "Parts," for instance, of the first issue of "The Pickwick Papers," and in the "wrappers," have changed hands for a few pennies—as have also a first volume of the first edition of "Amelia," by Fielding, and an especially important collection of pamphlets concerning Catholic Emancipation. It is only necessary to add that a complete set of the particular issue of "Pickwick" sold at auction last autumn for seventy-four pounds!

The most interesting discovery of the kind has yet to be mentioned. There appears to have been formed—and presumably by an early companion of his—a collection of newspaper "cuttings" concerning Lord Byron; it ranges from almost the schooldays of the poet to long after his death at Missolonghi in 1824. The collection contains almost every reference to Byron which appeared in the English newspapers at the period, and is of incalculable value to admirers and students of Lord Byron and his poetry. The "cuttings," wrapped in brown paper, were sold a week or two ago, together with a mass of torn envelopes, soiled "periodicals," and "scrapped" paper. As few of our time have, of course, been enabled to see contemporary references of the sort to Byron, it should interest many were five or six of them republished here. The following is

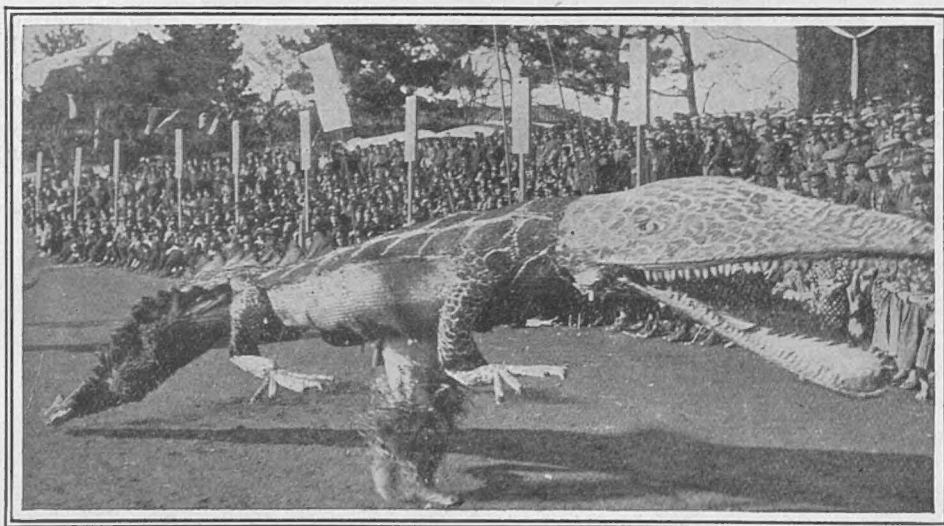
the announcement of his marriage as it appeared in the *Champion* of Jan. 8, 1815: "MARRIAGE.—On Monday last, the second instant, at Seaham in the county of Durham, by the Reverend Thomas Noel, Rector of Kirkby Mallory, the Right Honourable Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart. There were present only Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, the Reverend Mr. Wallis, Rector of Seaham, and John Hobhouse, Esquire. After the ceremony the happy couple left Seaham for Hannaby, in Yorkshire."



AT A "FIELD MEETING" AT A JAPANESE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE: FIGURES IN THE PARADE.

Photograph supplied by C.N.

The next "social" announcement appeared a month or two later in the same year: "Lord and Lady Byron will receive the world of fashion this Spring at the house once occupied by Lord Yarmouth, and afterwards by the Duchess of Devonshire, on the Terrace in Piccadilly." This was 13, Piccadilly Terrace, which John Hobhouse secured for the Byrons at an annual rental of £700; it is now numbered 139, Piccadilly, and the main obvious alteration is that it has been re-faced with stone. The third "announcement" in sequence is also quoted from the *Champion*, and dated December 1815: "BIRTH.—Sunday last, Lady Byron was safely delivered of a daughter, at his Lordship's house, Piccadilly Terrace." Unnecessary is it, of course, to refer to articles and accounts concerning the quarrel of Lord Byron with his wife, his death, or comments upon his character and poems. There is a remark attributed to him connected with Ireland which will undoubtedly attract the attention of the Irish—the extract is from the *London Weekly Review*: "During the short time his Lordship attended Parliament a Petition setting forth the wretched condition of the Irish Peasantry was presented, and very coldly received by the 'hereditary legislative wisdom.' 'Ah,' said Lord Byron, 'what a misfortune it is for the Irish that they were not born black; they would then have had plenty of friends in both Houses.'"



AT A "FIELD MEETING" AT A JAPANESE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE: THE LEADING FIGURE IN THE PARADE.—[Photograph supplied by C.N.]

Another reference will be of especial interest to Americans; it is dated April 1823: "Lord Byron has ordered a yacht to be built, in which he intends to visit the United States." A singularly sordid incident is it that is recorded in the following paragraph: "The night after the funeral of Lord Byron at Hucknall Torkard some thieves broke into the church and carried off a large quantity of black cloth with which it had been draped for the ceremony." Of the sale of the library belonging to Byron there is mentioned a curious "annotation" by him: "Amongst the books offered yesterday at the sale of the library of Lord Byron was one with an inscription by Mr. Leigh Hunt commencing 'Déar Byron'; over it were the words 'Impudent varlet,' written by his Lordship, and probably inspired by Hunt's familiarity." Does the book survive?

COCK O' THE WALK, OR A PEACE KITE? THE KAISER.



"THE KAISER LONGS FOR PEACE, HAVING EXHAUSTED HIS RESOURCES": A COLOSSAL JAPANESE CARICATURE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

This remarkable caricature of the Kaiser was a side-show at an agricultural "field meeting" in Japan. The correspondent who sends it writes: "The field meeting of the Agricultural College at Komaba is one of the most interesting annual events in Tokyo. This picture shows one of the fancy decorations. 'Dawn of Peace. The Kaiser

longs for peace, having exhausted his resources.'" Presumably (although not so stated), the latter part of the quotation gives the purport of the Japanese inscription beside the figure. Its colossal size can be estimated by comparing it with that of the man below on the right.—[Photograph by C.N.]

A DEDICATED PAGE—TO HYMEN.



1. LIEUTENANT VICTOR F. GORDON, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE: LEAVING THE CHURCH.

3. AN INTERESTING WEDDING: CAPTAIN A. V. SUTHERLAND GRAEME AND MISS GAMBLE.

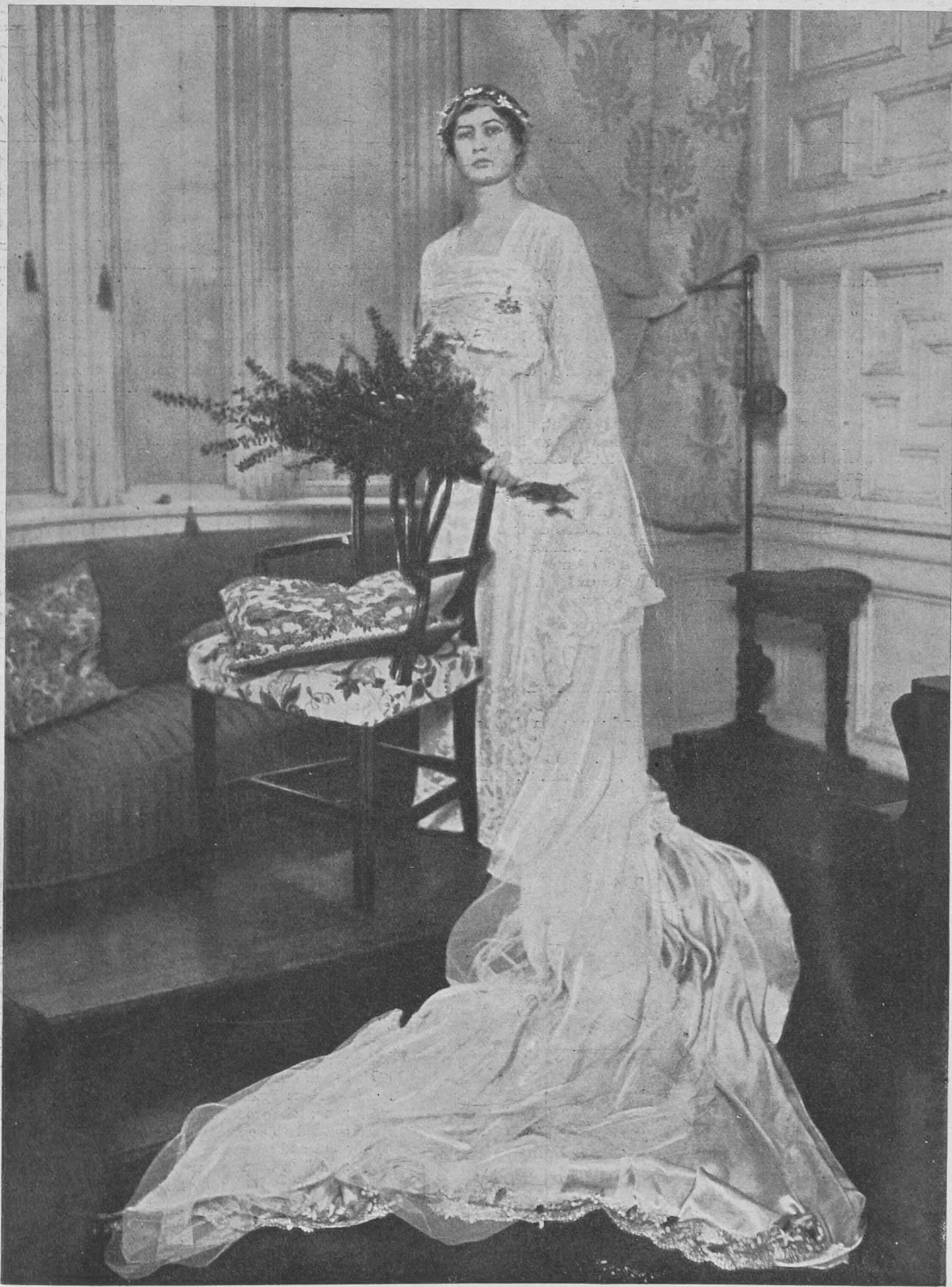
Lieutenant Victor F. Gordon, M.C., was married on Jan. 16, to Miss Margaret Gwendoline Bourne, at Christ Church, Southgate.—On Jan. 17, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Dr. Marcus A. Johnston-Lavis was married to Miss Muriel (Betty) Trafford-Rawson, daughter of Mrs. Trafford-

2. DR. MARCUS A. JOHNSTON-LAVIS AND HIS BRIDE: AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

4. A CHARMING ENTERTAINER MARRIED: CAPTAIN AND MRS. H. V. SHORTMAN (MISS LEONIE LASCELLES).

Rawson, Coldham Hall, Suffolk.—Miss Kathleen Gamble, daughter of Mr. S. G. Gamble, second officer of the Fire Brigade, was married to Captain A. V. Sutherland-Graeme, Seaforth Highlanders, on Jan. 17.—Miss Leonie Lascelles and Captain H. V. Shortman, M.C., were married on Jan. 15.

A NEW COUNTESS—AND BRIDE.



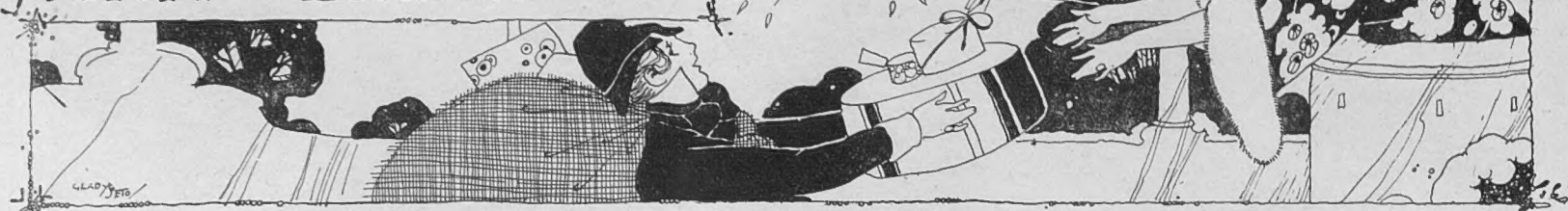
IN HER WEDDING-DRESS OF CLOTH-OF-SILVER: THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE (FORMERLY MISS BRIDGET RUTHVEN).

A distinguished company filled St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for the marriage of Miss Bridget Helen Ruthven, eldest daughter of the Master of Ruthven, and the Hon. Mrs. Ruthven, to the Earl of Carlisle, on the 17th. The bride was attended by one bridesmaid—her sister, Miss Jean Ruthven, in pale pink—and three little pages wearing Kate Greenaway costumes of pale-pink satin—

Master Patrick Hore-Ruthven, son of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hore-Ruthven, cousin of the bride; Master Michael Henley, son of the Hon. Francis and Lady Dorothy Henley; and Master Anthony Toynbee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Toynbee, cousins of the bridegroom. Owing to illness, Lady Carlisle was unable to be present at her son's wedding.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



MENUS MINUS MEAT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THE Parisians have been comforting themselves with a new and very successful play at the Théâtre Antoine called "Les Butors et la Finette," a patriotic symbol in three acts by an author until now unknown, Mr. François Porché. "Finette" is France, and "les butors" are *les agresseurs*. Mme. Simonne, one of the few French actresses who can act equally well in both languages, is well known in London, where she has often appeared. By what I hear, I should not be surprised if the new play were soon to cross the Channel, after translation.

Talking of theatres reminds me of an amusing adventure of one of my khaki Yous in Paris lately. He had "leaved" well, if not wisely, and on the last night of his leave he found himself with nothing to do, and no money to do it with!

Fortunately, on the Boulevards he met a Frenchman he knew, and, though my friend has little French and his companion no English, they succeeded in exchanging opinions as to the desirability of a seat at the theatre if it could be managed. Suddenly, with many gestures and the light of genius on his countenance, the Frenchman seized the You and dragged him towards the nearest show. There, more gesticulations—this time against three men in black whose mission seemed to be to encumber the corridor and bark at the crowd. Evidently the friend of my You emerged triumphantly from the encounter, and he and the You were soon following another man—big, fat, and with a triangular beard—who placed them next to him in seats, not boxes, nor even stalls, but from where they could see and hear quite well.

The curtain rose and the play proceeded, and very soon the man who had placed the two comrades began to show signs of the strangest and strongest excitement and enthusiasm. He laughed, he clapped, he roared, he stamped. His "Ho, ho, hos" and "Ah, ah,

ahs" filled the theatre. They were echoed by many men around him—much to the annoyance of my khaki You, who had difficulty enough to follow the action of the play and guess at the dialogue. Suddenly their guide dug him in the ribs. "Allons, voyons, Monsieur, applaudissez, name of a name!" The khaki You edged away, but a few seconds after the big energetic man was seized at a repartee from the stage with a fit of delirious joy; he half-rose, and clapped so sonorously that the You thought he was in the trenches again. Then the digging in the ribs and the apparently menacing remarks started again.

"Look here, my good man," said the You, "stop your elbowing and bellowing game. If you have a quarrel to pick with me, let's go on the boulevards and settle it there; else let me enjoy the play!"

But that's just what the big, fat man with the triangular beard seemed resolved he should not do, and he so ragged and worried the You that the latter rose and went out in disgust.

It may interest you to know, dear You, for another leave, that your restless neighbour was only doing his duty as a *chef de clique*.

What are you going to eat on that meatless day? To us French people the meatless meal once a week is nothing of a novelty, as—especially among the Catholics—Friday has a fish and vegetable menu. Whatever you do, don't follow the example of the devout and devoted Catholic couple who for twenty years—but listen, rather.

The first week of their marriage, on the very first Friday of their felicity, she served him a dainty dish of macaroni au gratin—very gratiné—crested with Parmesan, and standing like a proud island from amidst a red sea of tomato-sauce.

And she asked archly, "*Mon mari aimé aime le macaroni?*"

He looked at her hungrily—she was very attractive, and they had only been married a few days. "I love anything made by my Marie," said he fervently. "What magnificent macaroni!"

And she helped him generously of the dish, eating very little of it herself, while both were feasting by looking in each other's eyes.

Next Friday Marie hesitated between fish and macaroni; she would have preferred a *sole meunière*—but he seemed to appreciate macaroni so! In the kitchen she went and prepared it herself. Little by little that macaroni dish became a tradition with the *ménage*. They had children, they became old, they had grandchildren—all were reared on macaroni every Friday. Tomatoes were often expensive, Parmesan cheese was often difficult to get, and Marie's rheumatism resented the damp kitchen; still every Friday the family table was well supplied with the familiar dish.

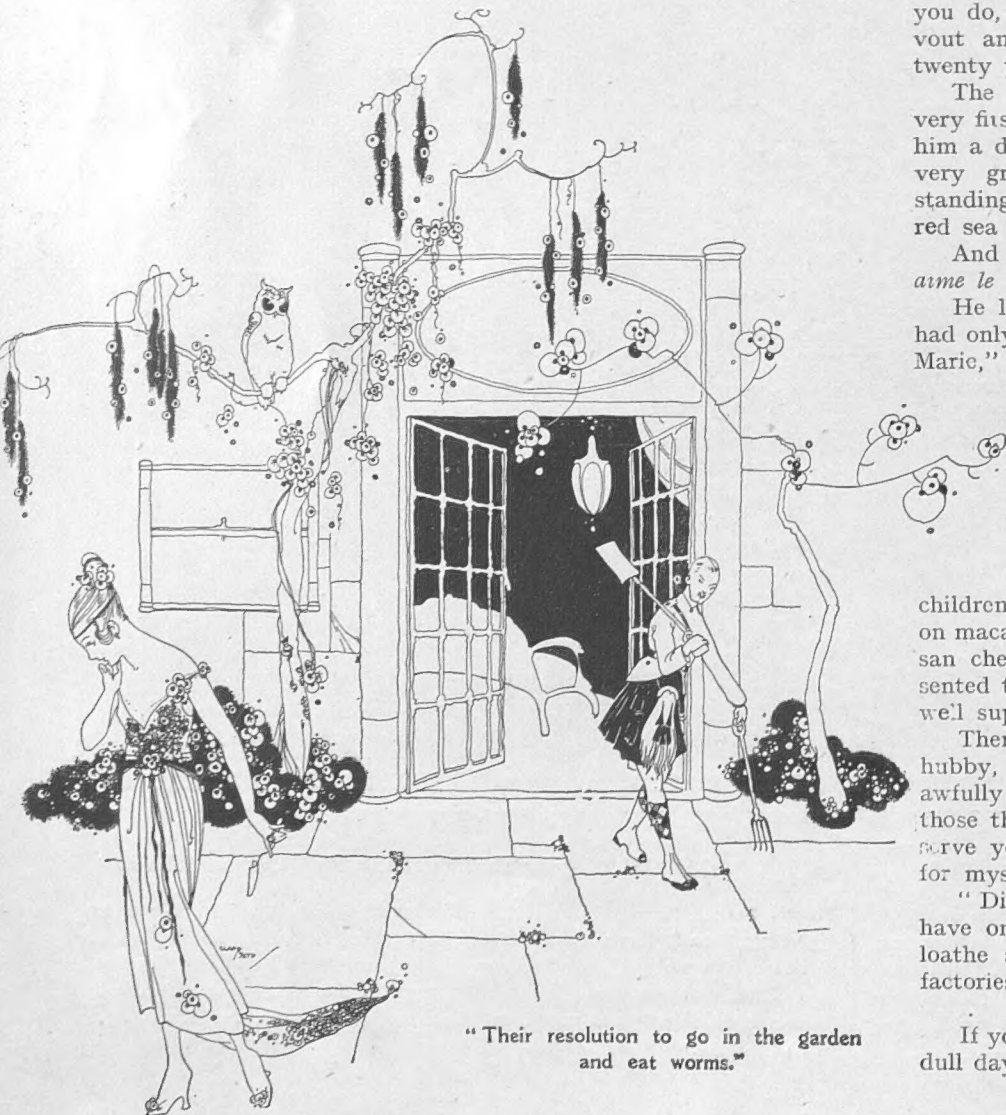
Then one day, on a fateful Friday, Marie, much moved, told hubby, pointing to a dish of fish on the table, "My dear, I am awfully sorry—I must be getting very careless—for the first time in those thirty years I have let the macaroni burn, and so I had to serve you fish instead. Do not be too disappointed, dearest. As for myself, I have always detested macaroni!"

"Disappointed!" cried the old husband. "Why, my dear, I have only been eating macaroni all these years to please you! I loathe and abhor the stuff—I've often wished all the macaroni factories could go bankrupt!"

If you appreciate a really earnest and resourceful discussion these dull days, bring the food question on the table-cloth! You see, it



"Luck!"



"Their resolution to go in the garden and eat worms."

is a subject which touches us all on a sensitive spot, and, gourmet or not, whether we realise it or not, our heel of Achilles is, if I may use an Irish metaphor, where the Chinese place our soul—or rather, just a little below it.

And a funny thing is that though most of us enjoy food—the properly constituted ones, I mean—very few know anything about it. I was very much amused at the letter of a young readeress of mine expressing with profound conviction that "Food may be dearer in France; but then, look at all the funny, outlandish things you eat there which cost nothing — frogs and snails and garlic."

Personally, I have never tasted frogs yet, though I am told that they have a nice chicken-like flavour; but I

"The Lady of the Lake would be more likely to catch chills."

don't think you can get fat on frogs—not even if you were to haunt ponds from morning to night with a red piece off the flannel petticoat no self-respecting female of your household would ever own! The lady of the lake would be more likely to catch chills than frogs.

As for snails, true, snail-hunting is easy and requires no speed; but the preparatory process is a lengthy one—the snails having first to starve for a fortnight before they can safely be eaten. To wait a fortnight for twelve mouthfuls or so—still, we may come to that yet!

Remains the garlic, which is not a dish, dear reader, but just *odeur locale*, so to speak—atmosphere.

If, however, we place frogs on the list of France's foodstuffs, what about the worms that are being eaten in England? I have sometimes heard English people, when in sombre mood, declare their resolution to go in the garden and "eat worms"!

Personally, I prefer macaroni; it wriggles, too, but you need not dig for it!

Girls have to work hard these days for their "bouquets" from men. We used to be extravagant and loved; now we can only be loved if we are not extravagant—so I'm told. Result, even the fashions are of a dullness! A pretty girl the other day wore her

beret with a white ornament which was—what do you think?—a little white dish-mop! It had never done service, of course; and no one but a woman would have suspected its origin. But there you are. I commiserated with the wearer, but she was radiant. "The hat cost me five guineas," she confessed, "and the 'ornament' sixpence. The hat unadorned would have frightened the discerning and economical male. By confessing I have used a mop as ornament I have had three more proposals."

Do men really count the cost before proposing, or do they just lose their head—hat or no hat?

Many thanks to the editor of the *Moonraker*, which came to me all the way from Macedonia (not the editor), and my compliments to him and to his contributors. Their literary efforts kept me in joy for an hour or so. I hope the next copy of the *Moonraker* will be doubly thick. As I am not selfish, here are some extracts thereof for my other Yous—

"A TALE OF A TIGER."

"On the verandah of our bungalow a few miles from Rangoon, my 'chummy' pal and I were lying one Sunday afternoon in long cane chairs trying to enjoy a siesta. The morning had been somewhat strenuous, comprising a drag meeting and an influx of thirsty huntsmen who had vowed to see us *hors de combat* before tiffin."

"Under the combined influences of heat, cocktails, and exertion, our senses might possibly not have been so keen as usual. In my semi-somnolent condition, I was suddenly startled to see what was undoubtedly a tiger sauntering through the pineapple plantation, and only about thirty yards away from the bungalow. A tiger within eight miles of the city was, of course, an absurdity, and so I made no remark except a mental vow to give cocktails a wider berth on a warm day."

"Next morning, however, we heard that a tiger had entered the Shwe Dagon Pagoda on Rangoon, and had been killed by a military firing party."

"On returning home in the evening, my chum, after decanting the necessary 'stengah,' ejaculated with an obvious sigh of relief, 'Thank God, old man, that was a bally tiger there, after all!'

"He also had seen the apparition, but, actuated by feelings of modesty similar to my own, had, like me, sat tight" (very!) "and said nothing."

"THE DREAM OF SORROVO."

"In my dug-out I lay sleeping
To the thunder of the guns.
Outside the dawn was peeping,
And I said 'It is the Huns.'
I rushed to wake the sentry,
I woke the guard as well.
I stood within the entry
And listened—it was hell.
But the sentry spoke up bravely,
After a little pause—
'It's only Captain Bung, Sir—
Didn't you know he snores?'"

"K—REVISITED."

"Same old night march, same old pack,
Same old weary, aching back,
Same old village, same old hills,
Same old summer, same old pills;
Same old trenches, same old crumps,
Same old dreary R.E. dumps;
Same old Sergeants, same old Corps,
Same old Bulgars, same old war."

"Do men really count the cost before proposing?"



SMALL TALK



TO the responsibilities involved in being director of twenty-seven and chairman of several companies, Lady Mackworth has just added those attaching to the post of Chief Controller of Women's Recruiting. Few women are better fitted by training and ability for the post, for Lady Mackworth is, as befits the only daughter of Lord Rhondda, a thoroughly practical, as well as keen, business woman, perfectly capable of dealing with any problem that may confront her in her new post. She is, too, a firm believer in the business capacities of her own sex. In this connection she is nothing if not an optimist, looking forward as she does to the time when "Brown, Smith and Daughter" will be taken as much as a matter of course as Brown, Smith and Son in commercial life to-day.

The Philanthropic Duchess. The enthusiasm with which all and sundry are sending heirlooms, bracelets, necklets, diamonds, and trinkets of all sorts to 175, New Bond Street is rapidly transforming the headquarters of the Children's Fund into something resembling a modern Aladdin's Cave, where her Grace of Marlborough as presiding genie is often to be seen examining the treasures sacrificed for the sake of the nation's children.

The Duchess is probably connected with more philanthropic movements than any other wearer of strawberry-leaves, and is, I fancy, the only one of her rank who has ever run a lodging-house for women. An interest in welfare work, more especially when it concerns her own sex, does not, however, prevent her from paying a due regard to matters of dress. She is one of the best-turned-out women in town, and has lately, I notice, succumbed to the tubular frock—a fashion, by-the-bye, which suits her slender figure to perfection.



ENGAGED: MISS EILEEN FITZCLARENCE.

Miss Eileen FitzClarence is a daughter of the late Hon. William George FitzClarence, son of the second Earl of Munster. Her engagement to Captain C. J. Cockayne Maunsell, Royal Artillery, is announced.

Photograph by Langner.

to be rationing in bulk at the restaurants and hotels, but rationing in detail—and that, perhaps, at the expense of bulk in the customers. The harassed housewife, trying to observe the ration, has hitherto been able to write off a large part of her husband's healthy appetite, because of his club and restaurant meals. Apparently, all that will be changed, and by a complicated system of stamps, every meal at home and abroad will have to be accounted for. We shall soon know all the perplexities of German organisation.

What IS in a Name. Mr. Lynch made a little diversion in the House when he tore his Question-paper in two, flung the scraps upon the floor, and fled into the Lobby. Two questions of his had received that most unsatisfying of replies—"The answer is in the negative,"



AN INTERESTING MILITARY WEDDING: MISS NEWTON—CAPTAIN H. DE C. TOOGOOD.

On Thursday last, Jan. 17, the marriage took place of Miss S. L. Newton, only daughter of Brigadier-General Marsden Newton, and Captain H. de C. Toogood, of the Royal Engineers.

Photographs by Langner.



a negation of all further curiosities, and a formula chosen to avert the dangers of all supplementary questionings. "If you give him an inch, he takes an ell," whispered a Government man to his neighbour in condonation of the offending brevity, and the fleeing member. Which is just what a witty Irishman once said every man called Lynch was pledged by his very name to do.

The Newest Countess.

By his marriage the young Earl of Carlisle gives yet another Countess to the family. The pretty girl who has just ceased to be Miss Bridget Helen Ruthven, eldest daughter of the Master of Ruthven, is now the third lady entitled to write Carlisle after her Christian name. The mother of the ninth Earl, who lives next door to Thackeray's old house in Palace Green, Kensington, is a notable specimen of the great dame of another generation, and bears her seventy-odd years with stately ease. The widow of the tenth Earl, who bears the singular Christian name of Ankaret—I have never seen it explained—resides in Eaton Place. The politics of the

family are rather mixed," wrote the late Duke of Devonshire, somewhat ruefully, in the midst of the Tariff Reform split. The same might be said of the Carlisle Howards, who are, by the way, an offshoot of the great Roman Catholic family of which the Duke of Norfolk is the head, though they owe ennoblement to Cromwell. Lord Carlisle's father and grandfather were Conservatives, who sat for one of the Birmingham Divisions as Lord Morpeth; but the present Peer's uncle, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, is an official Liberal, and some of his feminine relatives profess advanced politics. As for Lord Carlisle himself, I doubt whether he has had time, either at school or in the Navy, to think much about politics. He has been kept pretty busy, at any rate, since the war. A torpedo-destroyer offers few opportunities for reflection on these grave subjects.

A Recipient of Honours.

I wonder how many people who may have read that the King had made Rodney Smith, Esq. a Member of the Order of the British Empire had any notion of the identity



MARRIED ON JAN. 16: MISS BEATRICE PENDLEBURY—CAPTAIN HUGH W. BAYLY.

Miss Beatrice Sybil Pendlebury, only daughter of Mr. A. C. H. Pendlebury and the late Mrs. Pendlebury, of Pangbourne, was quietly married at All Souls', Langham Place, to Captain Hugh Wansey Bayly, R.A.M.C. (T.F.), of Harley Street. Miss E. Alderson Robinson acted as bridesmaid, and the best man was Lieutenant Powell, M.C., 1st Scots Guards.—[Photograph of Captain Bayly by Elliott and Fry.]



of that euphoniously named gentleman with "Gipsy" Smith, the Evangelist. "Gipsy" Smith, it seems, has collected £23,000 for the Y.M.C.A. huts on the Cardiff Exchange. By the way, what a great falling-off there has been during the last few years in the vogue of the "Evangelist" type of preacher. Those who are old enough to remember the conquering progress of Moody and Sankey, or even the earliest triumphs of the Salvation Army, must sometimes marvel at the comparative unimportance of similar movements to-day. Is it a change in the temperament of the people? In America it is still possible to create a great, if transient, effect by vigorous preaching; but in England the rôle of emotional religion seems to have been greatly curtailed. I do not think it is due to lack of piety, but the attitude towards religion has changed.



ENGAGED: MISS VERA HOME.

Miss Vera Home is the second daughter of Mrs. Home, of Cwrt Sacson, Sketty, Glamorgan. She is to be married to Lieutenant Ernest Lenton Styring, K.S.L.I., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Styring, of Sheffield.

Photograph by Swaine.

PATRIOTIC WOMEN: WORKERS IN THE WAR WORLD.



LADY CHEYLESMORE: LENT HER ESTATE AS A BELGIAN SCHOOL.



MISS COLQUHOUN: HAS SUNG AND DANCED FOR THE WOUNDED.



LADY MACKWORTH: CHIEF CONTROLLER OF WOMEN'S RECRUITING.



THE HON. MRS. RIMINGTON-WILSON: WORKING FOR THE RED CROSS.



THE HON. LILIAN MASSY: COLLECTING EGGS FOR THE WOUNDED.



MRS. GUY WATKINS: HAS ORGANISED MANY CONCERTS.

From the outbreak of war, women of the Empire have shown a desire to take a share in bearing the burden. Lady Cheylesmore, one of our American-born peeresses, turned her estate at Cooper's Hill Park into a Belgian Convent School.—Miss Colquhoun, sister of Sir Ian Colquhoun, has used her talents to entertain the wounded, and has also worked in a canteen.—Lady Mackworth, Lord Rhondda's daughter, who is a director of many companies, has

now been appointed to the responsible post of Chief Controller of Women's Recruiting.—The Hon. Mrs. Rimington-Wilson, a sister of Viscount Mountgarret, is working at a Red Cross depôt.—The Hon. Lilian Massy, daughter of Lord and Lady Massy, is a collector of eggs in Ireland.—Mrs. Guy Watkins, wife of Lieutenant Guy Watkins, R.N.A.S., has organised more than two hundred concerts for the wounded.

Photograph No. 1, by Yevonde; No. 2, by Lafayette; No. 3, by Swaine; No. 4, by Elliott and Fry; No. 5, by Poole, Waterford; No. 6, by Lallie Charles.



COMINGS-OF-AGE in war-time go mostly unregarded. The hero is away at the war, so are most of the men he would wish to share in his festivities; and, in one or two well-remembered cases, the date fixed for the presentation of the tenants' addresses and the service of plate has been anticipated by the intended beneficiary's death in action. He has gone over to the majority, instead of celebrating his own. In other cases—that of Lord Manners, for instance—the death of the elder son has brought into the succession the second son, born twenty-one years ago, but of no mood to be merry-making. Even the girls of a family are difficult just now to get together for such celebrations; and heir-raiding is almost prohibited as a maternal sport. Thus Lord Uffington (a married minor) and Lord Blandford will probably come of age as quietly later in the year as Lieutenant Donough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin's heir, did the other day. Lord Inchiquin's brother, by the way, Colonel Murrough O'Brien, has returned to London, and to his old house in Great Cumberland Place, from years of good service as Military Attaché to the British Embassy at Washington. His wife, an American by birth, ranks among the most charming of her countrywomen.

More Romances. Lord Grantley's only son, Captain Richard Brinsley Norton, is to wed Sir David and Lady Kinloch's delightful daughter. Captain Norton, who came home



MRS. ROBERT MUIR-MACKENZIE AND HER SON:
A NEW PICTURE.

Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie is the wife of Lieutenant Robert Cecil Muir-Mackenzie, M.C., only son of Colonel Sir Robert Smythe Muir-Mackenzie, fourth Baronet. Before her marriage. Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie was Miss Kate Brenda Blodwen Jones, of Cardiff. Her little son, Robert Henry, was born last year.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

wounded from the Front, is now at the War Office; and his romance began, like so many other romances of the same sort, during a time of convalescence in a country house set aside for the resting and restoring of sufferers in the war. Bisham Abbey was the place, and Sir David and Lady Kinloch, who gave the house for that fine purpose, as a sequel give their daughter. Captain Norton is a great-grandson of the poetess, Caroline Norton, one of the three brilliant daughters of Sheridan. At her table it was that Disraeli the Younger had his first meeting with Lord Melbourne, who asked him what he was going

to be. "Prime Minister of England," was the audacious reply, which the then Prime Minister did not take quite as a compliment, you imagine. Yet, as luck would have it, Disraeli was to be the only Premier dearer to Queen Victoria than Melbourne himself, and Lady Ponsonby, instancing the unconventional way in which the latter Minister broke the ice at the royal dinner-table, says: "He would ask: 'Madam, did Lord Melbourne ever tell your Majesty that you were not to do this or that?' and the Queen would take it as the best of jokes." But the best of jokes, at Mrs. Norton's free-and-easy dinner-table, had been Disraeli's seemingly absurd rejoinder; which is one more of Time's whirly-gigs, or even whirly-giggles.

The Private Secretary. Captain Brinsley Norton had—what people are more than ever proud of having—an American mother; and a strong United States interest—in all senses—attaches also to the marriage of Colonel Brinsley Fitzgerald (another Sheridanian Brinsley!) and Mrs. Anthony Drexel. The new husband is the brother of the Knight of Kerry; he saw ser-

vice of old in South Africa, and he went out to the present war as General French's private secretary. He has operated also on the London Stock Exchange, and been a land-agent in Ireland.

Children's Hour. The dramatic talent of children, newly called upon to perform for charities, is among the

revelations and surprises of the war. Some, too, like the little Sackville-West boy, are making themselves known as real musicians. Dancing, too, is well on foot among the juniors. Byron sneered at the girls who have to waltz for a living. If only he could have been at the Ritz to see scores of pretty children treading a measure so that others might live! And the sight had the strange appropriateness that absolute incongruity sometimes offers—these little limbs were all at play in the interests of cripples! Princess Patricia, who talked to Lady Irene Curzon, the organiser, could not but remark on the very moving paradox.



HON. SECRETARY OF A CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT: LADY KENNARD; AND HER CHILDREN.

Lady Kennard was Hon. Secretary of the Children's Entertainment at the Savoy, held last week in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. Her elder son, Laurence Ury Charles, was born in 1912, and the younger, George in 1915. Lady Kennard is the wife of Sir Coleridge Arthur FitzRoy Kennard, first Baronet.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



CHILDREN OF A NEW VISCOUNT: THE HON. AVERILL AND HON. CHRISTOPHER FURNESS.

The second Baron Furness, the father of the Hon. Averill and Christopher Furness, has just been created a Viscount. Their mother before her marriage was Miss Daisy Hogg, daughter of Mr. G. J. H. Hogg of Seton Carey, Co. Durham. The home of the Viscountess is Nidd Hall, Ripley, Yorkshire.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

ENGAGED TO A GUARDS OFFICER: A BARONET'S DAUGHTER.



A Bride-Elect: Miss Jean Kinloch.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN THE HON. RICHARD NORTON, SCOTS GUARDS: MISS JEAN MARY KINLOCH.

Miss Jean Mary Kinloch, whose engagement to the only son of the fifth Baron Grantley—Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, who has been wounded in the war—has been announced, is the elder daughter of Brigadier-General Sir David Kinloch, Bt., of Gilmerton, and Lady

Kinloch, and was born in 1898. Her father Sir David Kinloch, C.B., M.V.O., has a distinguished record and was mentioned in despatches in 1915. Miss Kinloch's mother is a daughter of the late Colonel William Bromley-Davenport, M.P.

Photograph by Lallie Charles; Photograph of the Hon. Richard Norton (inset), by Yevonde.



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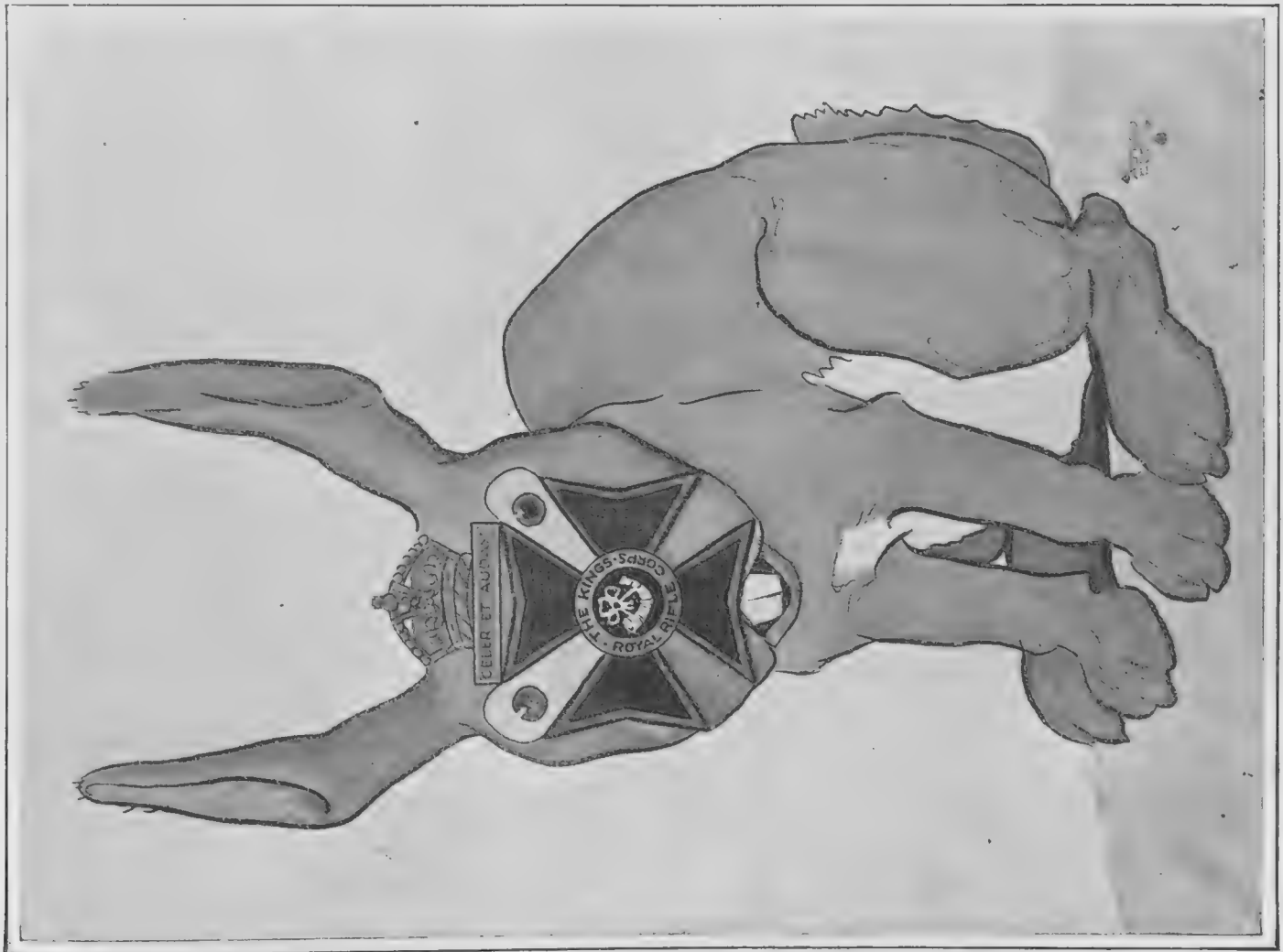
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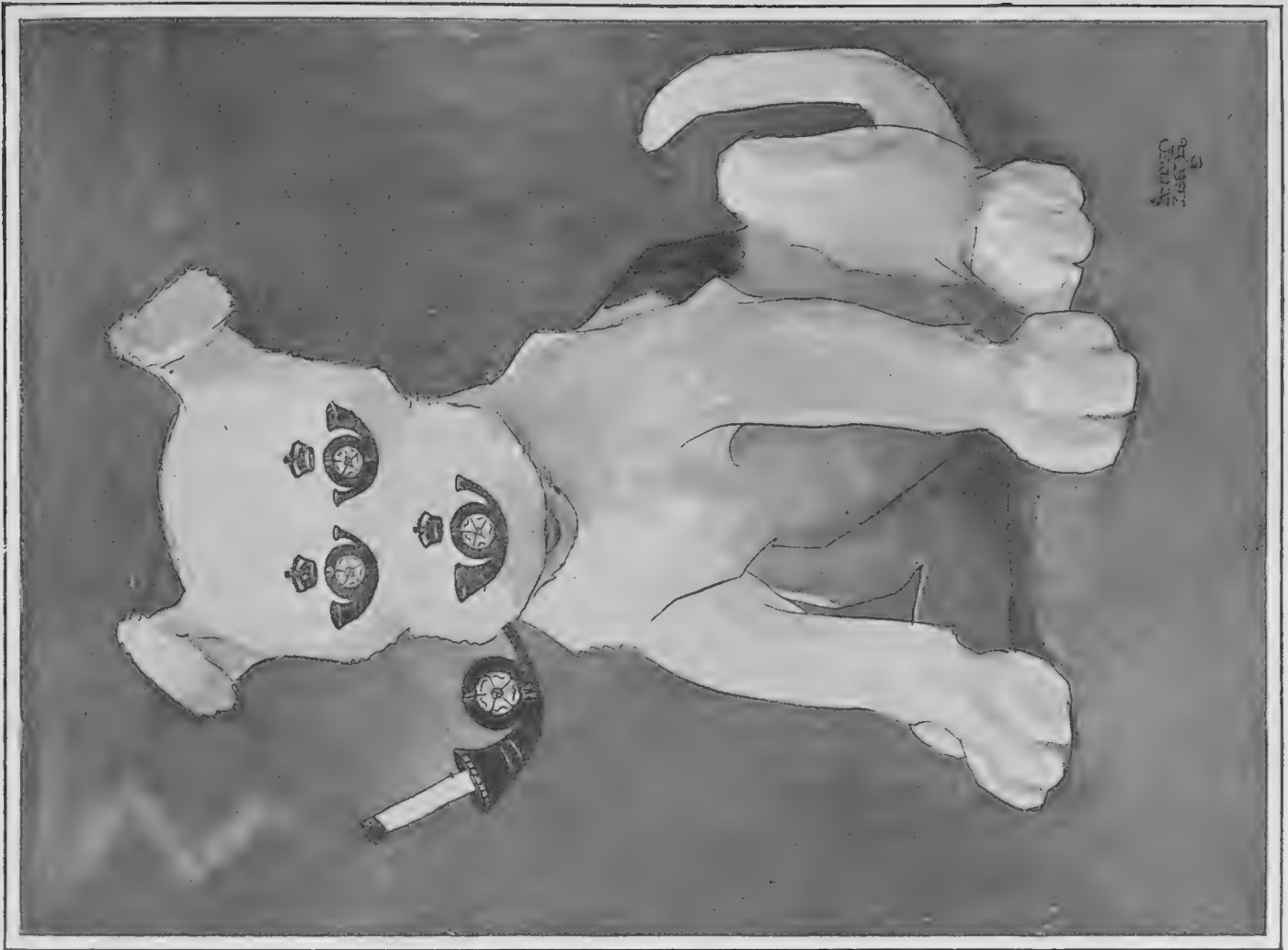


MASBADGES ! REGIMENTAL MASCOTS AND BADGES IN ONE !



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DRAWN BY ALFRED LEBET.



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TELEPATHY AND ITS TERRORS.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

"I 'VE noticed," reflected Phillip, "that when a woman can get her meat and margarine straight from the stores, and her husband is too good to be untrue, and her children's nurse has already been jilted by a 'wounded,' then she takes to astrals. Lives must be filled somehow."

"I've never heard of that make," brooded Camillus. "Are they anything to do with the new gas-bag thingummies?"

"If you were only intelligent, how dull you'd be!" said Phillip. "However, listen hard, and brain will dawn in your bone. Panopea, who was rather a nice girl, though one never did know really if she was a flapper or her hair was merely untidy—Panopea has recently been bitten by Mahatma, or something rabidly spiritual, and her house has been a perfect plague of astrals ever since—which in itself is rather annoying . . . have you noticed how prone the psychic is to cress-and-cheese sandwiches?"

"When I went down to Panopea's little place in the shell district she was mildly engaged in training rabbits to die for Lord Rhondda, and furiously occupied in filling up thought-forms in a game she called telepathy.

"It appears that not to telepath just now is to be guilty of something worse than getting sugar on last week's coupon. Teleputting is on the green, so to speak, and really furious mentalities like Panopea's spark astrals with unmitigated regularity, and can land a message on almost any topic, save Proportional Representation,

as far as the vilayet of Kirkuk and the uttermost ends of the Fulham Road.

"Panopea takes it all very grimly. She has her own astral high-tension room fitted up—a terrible chamber, so uncomfortable that one couldn't do anything but think in it. She sits here all her free hours, and gets on to wrong numbers, mentally, all over the habitable globe.

"Perhaps that's the fearful attraction of the thing; one never knows exactly what lucky packet one is going to pick up. One can crank up one's outgoing fluence to an excessive tele-power and fire it off; but one cannot guarantee its landing in the right mental aerodrome.

"Panopea had a perfectly thrilling example of this kind of astral side-slip the other day. It was when she was swapping some particularly intimate messages to her cousin Leborious of the Guards. Leborious,

life of him remembering what it was, he went and had a tooth out, and so put his mind at rest.

"Well, Panopea has never really relinquished him, so she tracks him down telepathetically; and although he has joined the kite-balloon section she follows him tenaciously. As I say, she was putting her heart into a really poignant message when something went wrong with the astral, and to her horror she heard her Vicar asking her to think up, as he couldn't quite catch what she was saying, and was she the ghost of—well, somebody quite derogatory in ancient history, or a member of his parish?

"In spite of these little accidents, Panopea is most enthusiastic. She likes to initiate people in the arts of telepath, and sometimes she gains converts. The Dean's wife is really rather a confirmed telepathist now. She said she had rather a desire to get in touch with the Prophet Elijah, and Panopea explained that little things like that could be accomplished with the greatest of ease. So the Dean's wife was garbed in a thoughtful robe, and placed in an attitude of appalling concentration in Panopea's astral room, and both of them threw their minds about very vigorously.

"Panopea insists that this must have been one of her Thoughtless Days, for beyond waking a Bulgarian Colonel from his afternoon sleep—'Fortunately,' said Panopea, 'I don't know Bulgarian; but, if sounds go for anything, that man will die of explosion'—Panopea herself failed to strike the Old Testament period.

"The Dean's wife was really successful. At first she was rather alarmed, and presently she was painfully hilarious. Panopea tried to remember personal details about Elijah to account for this; but her knowledge of the classics is weak, and somehow she got him mixed up with Cæsar Borgia, which added to her alarm, since she understood that Cæsar B. was not at all the sort of person a Dean's wife should know.

"She tried to break off the telegathering, but the Dean's wife clung on bitterly, and Panopea gave it up. After all, Elijah seemed to be a companionable sort of man, judging from the Dean's wife; but she hoped he would remember that this wasn't the Old Testament—or the Renaissance—and that some stories *could not* be told in modern mixed company.

"But it worked out all right. The Dean's wife was hugely pleased. She said she had no idea that Elijah was so hearty and human a man. And so droll, too. Quite a revelation of Old Testament life and character. But the thing she couldn't make out was that he would talk of the Broadway—probably a street in Judea—and Emma, and of the other Bingboie. . . . She must, she felt, go deeper into this telepathy, if only for the light it threw on ancient things. . . .

"What Panopea is dreading now is that the Dean's wife will write a book reconstructing the whole of ancient Judean life—according to Robey. She has given up telepathy herself, and has taken up pigeon-thinning to drown her conscience."

THE END.



A WORKER ON THE LAND: MRS. NORMAN HODGES.

Mrs. Hodges is the wife of Mr. Norman Hodges, of the Army Service Corps, who is the son of Judge Hodges, the well-known Melbourne Judge. Mrs. Hodges has spent a good deal of time as a worker on the land.

Photograph by Yevonde.

as you know, was really meant by Panopea to marry her. Leborious quite understood this; but he is so infernally absent-minded that, conscious that something was worrying him, and not for the



ENGAGED TO MR. ERNEST LEHMANN:
MISS CRABB WATT.

Miss Crabb Watt, who has been working at the Foreign Office for more than two years, is the only daughter of the late Mr. James Crabb Watt, K.C., of Edinburgh. Her engagement to Mr. Ernest Lehmann has been announced.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

IMPLICATIONS.



THE ORACLE: There y 'are, yer see! 'Ere's this 'ere Lord George saying *eggackly* wot I've said 'undreds o' times!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



"Doing anything this week-end?"
"Nothing much to mention."
"Hem! Anything *not* to mention?"

DRAWN BY C. C.



PERSIFLAGE, NOT OF THE AIR BOARD: PRICELESS TREASURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TOMMY (inspecting the Museum, to a scholarly visitor): Beg pardon, Sir, but who is this 'ere party in putties?

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I must really go off to the photographer's at once and have our voices taken. Perhaps you have had yours done already, for the new science, introduced by Professor J. A. Fleming at the Royal Institution, is quite a week old. It will be fine to feel that when your voice cracks, or breaks, or you lose it, you have at least a photograph of it on the mantelpiece, when it was looking its best.

And, of course, much use will be made of Professor Fleming's invention in the realms of the theatre. When Sarah Bernhardt comes to the Coliseum, the critics, quoting Poe in spite of everything, never fail to write of this great artist's "molten golden notes." Mr. Oswald Stoll will now be able to amuse his waiting queues with photographic reproductions, stuck upon the walls, of the Divine Sarah's voice as it was snapped while taking part in a domestic quarrel between Lucrece Borgia and her fourth husband. The Professor's invention will be useful in other theatrical ways. For instance—

Alone within his office sprawled an Agent for the Stage, in waiting for the Girl who called, her talents to engage. To try her voice it was his plan, for chorus in revue. (A stout and much be-jewelled man, with nose enough for two.)

"How late these flappers always are!" he grumbled to his watch. And then he lit a fresh cigar, and took another "Scotch." . . . A note arrived, the which he read—then used expressions choice. The Girl had sent along instead a *photo* of her voice!

SCIENCE AND ART.

ASTRONOMER. You take an interest in the position of Venus, no doubt.

ARTIST. The Venus de Milo?

ASTRONOMER. No, Sir—the Venus de Forty-Million-Mile-O!

By the way, in a week or two Venus will not be more than twenty-seven million miles away—

She always seemed to me so cold and distant, did my Venus; but now she's lessening, I'm told, the gulf that lies between us. Instead of forty million miles away up in the Heaven, she works the magic of her wiles from merely twenty-seven! So near to one another, Venus, I trust no gossipers have seen us!

They've got 'em! And now all they've got to do is to use them wisely, that the level-headed among them may not be driven



IN HER "COCKED" HAT: DAME KATHARINE FURSE, OF THE "WRENS." Dame Katharine Furse, formerly Commandant-in-Chief of the V.A.D., is the Director of the new Women's Royal Naval Service, commonly called the "Wrens," which is the sea equivalent of the "Waacs." She is here seen in her uniform.

Photograph by G.P.U.

to blush for their sex, and the country may not go for ever cursing the day they were given to them. (This is about Votes for Women.) To you and to me it is a great relief, whatever may be the Archbishop of Canterbury's true explanation of his opposition, for we hated to feel—did we not?—that at the end of our fight with the

Germans the gentle art of destroying churches, flowers, and historic treasures might again be taken up by British women.

To prevent a resumption, by certain female agitators that you and I and Scotland Yard know about, of these Hun methods of "progress" in England, it would be worth giving women a dozen



HELPING TO RID THE COUNTRYSIDE OF A PEST: LORD DEERHURST AT A PIGEON-SHOOT, WITH HIS SONS, DAUGHTERS, AND SMALL-HOLDERS. Lord Deerhurst has suggested the organisation of shoots, to take place simultaneously, with a view to thinning the ranks of the pigeons which are such a pest to agriculturists. Meantime, he is having shoots, and the other day his party made a bag of a thousand. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Coventry, and was born in November 1865. His seat is Pirton Court, Wadborough, Worcestershire.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

votes apiece, with power to add to their number any old time they felt like taking a mean advantage of the poor old country's tender heart!

Except, of course, a certain gang whose names occur to all (who love to domineer, harangue, and worry up a brawl), I give to England's women my congratulating kiss! (Six million make me rather shy, but who could possibly deny occasion such as this?)

Lord Curzon has many misgivings about women's enfranchisement, and one of his fears is that our womenfolk will think and act independently of men, and vote as a sex. But I think I can put that right.

His Lordship need no longer doubt when made to understand they sought the vote to see about the children of the land! With aim and object such as theirs, it stands to reason, then, that in the first of life's affairs they're bound to vote for men!

It is reported by Miss Mary Brodrick, lecturing in connection with the Royal Geographical Society, that trade unions existed in Egypt 1500 years ago, and that workmen engaged on the building of one of the tombs of the Kings came out on strike because they objected to the introduction of Venetian labour.

Apparently, lunch is an unknown quantity in certain official quarters. Patriots, answering the call of the Government for labour, and asked to wait, declare that it takes anything from two-and-a-half to four hours to eat. No one as yet has submitted the assumption that, when a certain class of man gets the *entrée*, he spends most of his time in seeing that nobody else shall have a look-in!

Probably this *entrée* is the sweetbread of "Proverbs." "Bread of deceit is sweet to man, but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel." Or, as Chicago might put it—

Bread of deceit to man is sweet, no matter where he'll travel. But, lo, in the end you'll find our friend with his mouth all clogged with gravel.



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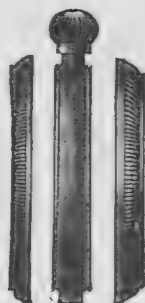
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"THE PARIS CONFERENCE"

Paris at last tires of the termagant goddesses—note "great Herd's angry eyes" and Athene's glare—and seeks his peace.

After all, it is but another version of the old, old story of the inevitable alliance between Mars the Destroyer and Venus the Reproducer.

POPE & BRADLEY

Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
 Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

THE MERRY MONEYMAKERS.

DESPITE the appointment of innumerable comic control Committees, the prices of the necessities and commodities of life continue to rise to giddy heights. Only caviar remains normal.

There is no justification for this abnormal increase. It is simply iniquitous profiteering all round, and it is a damnable indictment of the old men, who clamour for the young to fight, whilst they sit smugly at home juggling with markets and making every penny they can out of the bloody Sacrifice.

The House of Pope and Bradley is not one of this merry band of ghouls. In the face of colossal difficulties with nearly 100 per cent. rise in materials and in production, it has persistently decreased the percentage of profit, and used every effort to keep prices down to a legitimate minimum.

SERVICE DRESS.

Service Jackets	from £5 15 6
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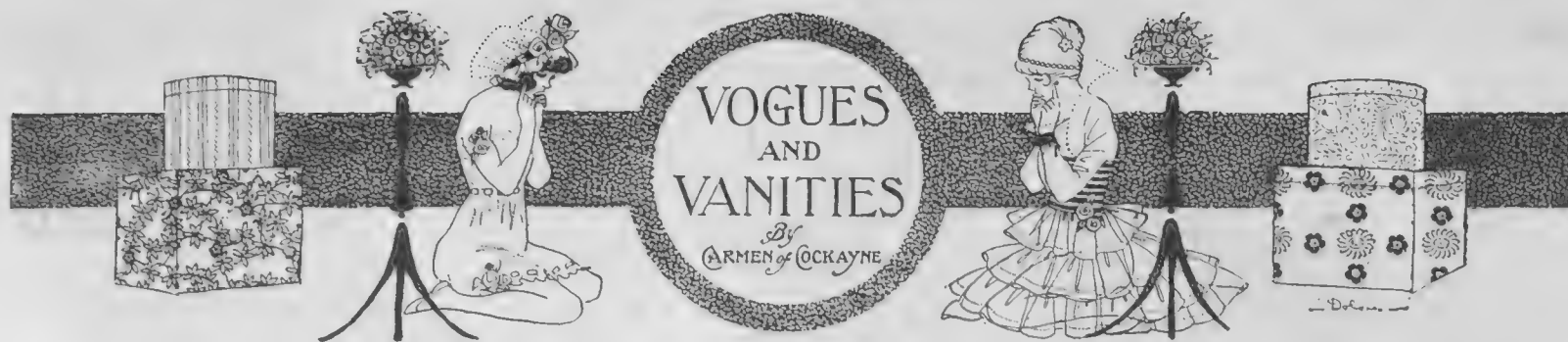
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Lounge Suits	from £6 6 0
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Still Smiling. Though every prospect freezes, thoughts of spring can still produce a smile. Even blue noses and numbed fingers cannot damp lovely woman's ardour for all that concerns dress—present and to come. Though "sale" bargains are still the order of the day, the first faint rustle of the spring fashions is already in the air. Popularly, dress and the calendar are closely associated. Strictly speaking, the fashions of any given season arrive three months before their time. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the advance guard of spring modes is already entrenched behind the closed doors of not a few cupboards in West End salons. Some are already in evidence. Of others, camouflaged in crinkly tissue-paper and yards of protective muslin, it is impossible to form any accurate idea.

Be Prepared. It is not to be supposed that their arrival in any way affects the "sales." The gowns of to-morrow are interesting, of course, but they are for to-morrow; and to neglect the present for the future is most certainly not one of the axioms of good dressing. Taken as a whole, the sales seem to have amply fulfilled the expectations of managers. It is certain that some of the bargains—especially in materials, hosiery, and gloves—won't be coming our way again this side of peace. They would not have been here this year if it had not been that the dread of something somebody else might do induced those who wield the reducing blue pencil to make it do its work in



This restaurant hat has a soufflé crown of blue tulle sprinkled with diamante. The band is blue velvet.

this as in former years. For, unlike Mary Ann, the butcher, and the milkman, the retailer of clothes cannot afford to incur the displeasure of his patrons. There are far too many competitors in the field to permit of indulgence in any little games of that description.

The Longer Skirt. But to return to the subject of spring fashions—which at this moment are chiefly represented by the new skirt—it is inevitable that, being skimpy, they should assume an added length. There seems no particular reason why the sight of the feminine ankle divine should fail to shock when seen below a *jupe* that favours broad views, and become an offence when strictly rationed drapery fails to hide it from the public view. But the fact remains that the woman who insists on freedom for her feet, whilst submitting to restraint for the rest of her, can never look anything but comic in the eyes of those who understand the art of dressing.

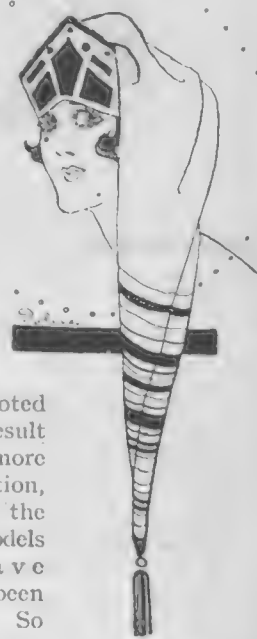
Embroidery for Chic. Embroidery has for so long been a frock feature that its disappearance would have caused no surprise. But Fashion, fickle in most things, has decided to place this particular form of decoration almost in the forefront of her spring programme. Several of the new dresses are relieved with decorative stitchery introduced about the

hem, or on the full side-panels that—during the early spring at any rate—will help to give gowns a fictitious appearance of fullness. Apart from the fact that it is effective, the fashion is quite an economical one—which is, of course, the best possible reason in favour of its retention. There are exceptions; but, as a general rule, it is possible for those possessed of taste and initiative to get excellently good effects as the result of a limited outlay and a certain amount of personal trouble.

The Use of Fur. Fur must be bracketed with embroidery as a modish decoration. It is possible to have a *chic* gown trimmed with fur only. It is possible, also, to feel well dressed in one that is devoid of any touch of peltry, but bears evident traces of the art of the needlewoman on its surface. But the frock that boasts neither fur nor embroidery—unless, indeed, it happens to be a tailor-made of the ultra-severe type—though it be flawless in "line," and fulfils every other requirement of fashion, has no claim to inclusion in the ranks of things that are smart.

Important Extremities.

A well-shod foot and a head becomingly crowned are invaluable aids to the woman compelled by patriotism or necessity to exercise the strictest care in regard to dress expenditure. It is very satisfactory, therefore, to know that, after all the agitation, the boot and shoe trouble is not going to be quite so serious as many of us feared. Much care has been devoted to the question of shoe-shapes, with the result that, in the future, there probably won't be more than thirty styles from which to make a selection, instead of the fifty-odd models that have hitherto been available. So we are not yet in sight of a boot famine, and a very long way off having



The beauty about this cap is that the crown can, at a pinch, form a scarf.

A Hat Note. As to hats, it is difficult to think of any ground they have not already broken. Small hats and large ones, flat hats and tall ones, broad hats and narrow ones—we have had them all, with every variety of trimming and without it. For the moment the Parisienne, who likes to make people think she is economising in clothes, holds the field with a sealskin hat whose wearing capacity is indisputable, even though its colour—a golden-yellow—is apt to suggest extravagance to the severely practical. Meantime, it won't be long before La Mode reveals her intentions regarding the new millinery. Spring hats are always early arrivals.



Crystal and jet beads form a becoming ornament for the top of an evening dress.



There is no waste of leather in these shoes. They are of yellow towelling with marine blue lining, to match the colour-scheme of the bath-gown.



THE WAR has created New Problems

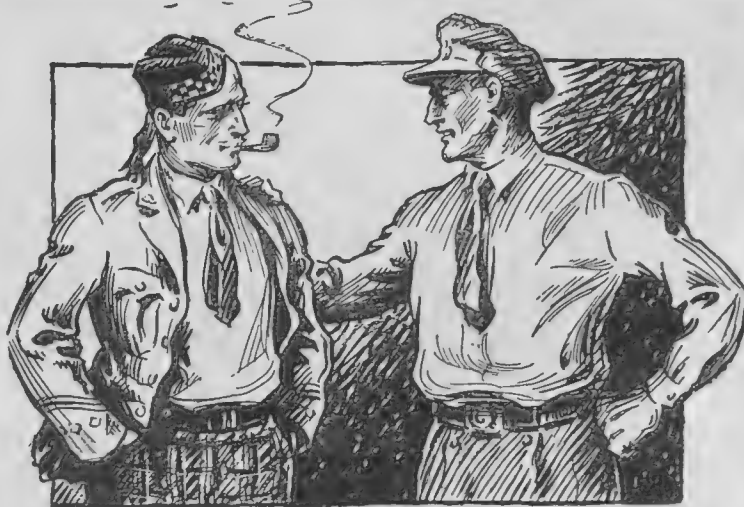
even in connection with Men's Hats, but Messrs. Scotts, at the Piccadilly corner of Old Bond St., W. 1, certainly seem to have ingeniously solved one problem, and that is a substitute for the silk "topper." The new hat they have designed for men seems admirably suited for any style of clothes, and would go well with any overcoat, with riding kit or even lounge suit. With its low crown and somewhat broad and gently curved brim, it suggests the fashion of the old days; and it would not be surprising to see under its brim a return to the frock overcoats so popular with our great-grandfathers.

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Four more economical OXO dishes:—

CABBAGE WITH CHESTNUTS.

A Scotch Dish.

Choose a loose-leaved cabbage.
Boil it till it is nearly but not
quite soft. Drain it from mois-
ture. Take twelve chestnuts that
have been pricked, boiled and
peeled; chop them very small.
Part the leaves of the cabbage
when it is fairly cool. Put the
chestnuts between them. Tie
the whole lightly together and
boil for twenty minutes in hot
water in which a tablespoonful
of OXO has been dissolved, and
serve.

CARROTS WITH FINE HERBS.

Wash and scrape three large
carrots, and cut into thick slices.
Cover with cold salted water,
bring them to the boil, and cook
until tender. Fry a chopped
onion brown, pour over one pint
of OXO, and let it boil for
five minutes. Add the drained
carrots and a teaspoonful of
minced parsley. Cook all five
minutes, take it from the fire, and
season it to taste with salt, pepper,
and lemon juice. Serve it with
a garnish of fried potatoes.

FISH PIE.

The remains of any cold fish,
four good-sized onions or toma-
toes, $\frac{1}{2}$ -tablespoonful of OXO,
some cooked potatoes. Slice the
fish and put a layer in a pie-
dish, cut the onions or tomatoes
into slices and put a layer on the
top. Add some pepper and salt,
and then a layer of sliced potatoes.
Add to this the OXO in $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint of
water. Repeat until the dish is
full, putting potatoes on top;
bake for 30 minutes, and serve.

BAKED POTATO STEW.

Peel sufficient potatoes to cover
the bottom of a large and deep pie-
dish, pour over them $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of
good gravy, which must be highly
seasoned and flavoured with herbs
and spices, and in which a table-
spoonful of OXO has been dis-
solved. Bake it in a moderate
oven 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, according to
the size of the potatoes.

In these recipes one OXO cube is
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Once you have taken Sanatogen yourself or seen its effect in someone dear to you—once you have had that vivid flesh-and-blood proof of the splendid

bodily renaissance which it accomplishes—then your one regret will be that you did not try it earlier.

Don't postpone that trial a day longer, but go to the chemist's now—before you forget it—and buy enough Sanatogen to last you for a few weeks' regular use. (It costs from 1/9 to 9/6, which works out at only twopence per dose—less than tea, coffee, alcohol or tobacco!) But be sure you get the genuine original Sanatogen, which is owned and manufactured solely by us and bears our name and address on the label.

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F. J. DONOVAN,**

**1st ANZAC
HEADQUARTERS,
FRANCE.**

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This accomplished Australian Soldier recognizes that Phosferine alone gave his system the vitality and endurance to last out the grim privations which overcame so many of his comrades—always Phosferine relieves the terrible strain upon the jaded nerve organisms, enabling them to reconstitute the abundant nerve force by which he survives the daily rigours and hardships of Active Service.

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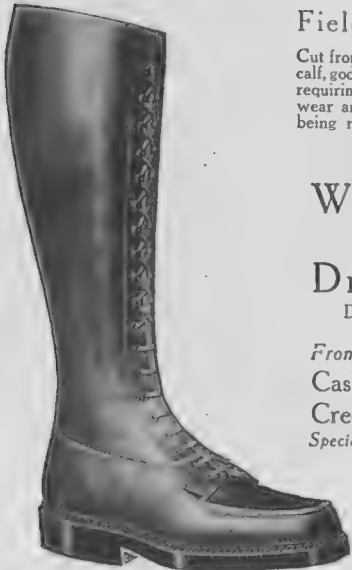
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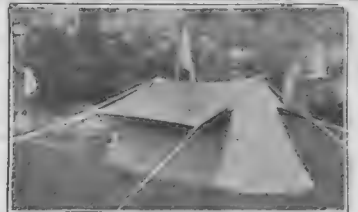
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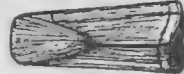
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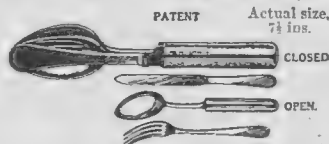
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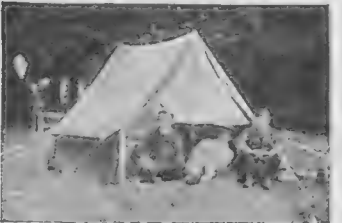
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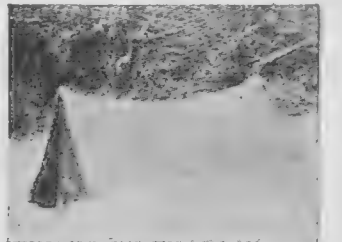


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Yours gratefully,—

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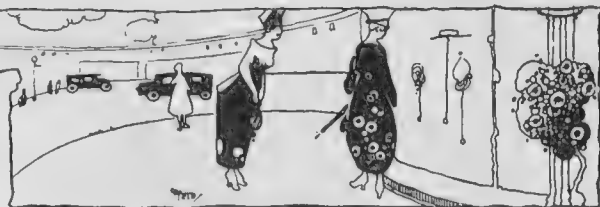
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



The Tuber Fashion.

The newest skirts are probably the sartorial preparation for the rationed figure. They are almost as slim as those worn before war began. Then, women rationed voluntarily in order to wear slim skirts; now, skirts are to be slim to suit compulsorily rationed women. There is, of course, a feminine grouse—as Mrs. Poyser said, “God A’mighty made us to match the men.” The fattening property of potato-bread—the percentage of potatoes used to make our staff of life is to be unlimited—which the Ministry of Food would have us spread with mashed potatoes, under the name of potato-butter, will cause us to strain our slim skirts to bursting point. The tuber was, before war, despised and rejected of the smart woman, and man—for he, too, was silhouette-smitten; now neither sex can in any wise escape from the ubiquitous potato: if it is not presented to our digestions in one form, it is in another.

The Bachelor's Best Friend.

I met him carrying a parcel—of course Peers do that nowadays—but there was a self-consciousness about him that made me wonder what was in it. It bore no resemblance to a bottle, but camouflage covers a multitude of spirits! However, as we walked along the secret was divulged—my bachelor friend was on his way with a well-beloved tweed suit to “Valetry.” “My best friend,” he called it, and proceeded to tell me how he had his clothes kept in order by the British Tailoring and Repairing Company, 34, Great College Street. Once upon a time his landlady valeted him; but her eye for mud-spots grew dim, and her stitches ever more generous and

apparent, until he had to discard his suits before they were worn out, which, as they are the best in build, was provoking. Now he trots off to Valetry and gets kept spick and span, for he is a regular subscriber. The clothes are sent for if desired; but he loves his suits and usually desires to issue some personal instructions, and so he takes them. Most wise young man!

Virtue Rewarded. Who can resist the cry of the children, especially when it is expressed by an exceedingly clever and very popular Duchess who looks only a year or two older than when she first arrived here from our Sister States, as we now call the Great United? Many women I know find the cry compelling, and are giving their jewellery. Two sisters, wives of well-known fighting men, talked about it, and in a burst of generosity decided to give their twin strings of pearls, given to them by their respective husbands—with the consent of the donors, which was readily given. Pearls are called tears, and some were shed over the sacrifice, for women dearly love their pearls. A week after the babies had the gems, and the sisters were recovering their accustomed cheerfulness, a packet arrived to each of them. These, in velvet-lined Goldsmith and Silversmith's cases, contained each a string of pearls larger and finer than those parted with—the husbands' presents for their good girls!

Family Successes.

Capability seems to run in families. Lady Mackworth, the new Chief Controller of Women's Recruiting,

is, on her mother's side, of the same lineage as our Commander-in-Chief on the Western Front. John Haig, of Gartlands, near Alloa, founded the four families—Haig of Bemersyde, of whom Thomas the Rhymer wrote, “Tyde what may betyde, Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde”; Haig of Pen Ithon, to which branch Lady Rhondda belongs; Haig of Ramornie, Sir Douglas's branch; and Haig of Blairhill. Lady Mackworth's capability has been proved, and under her the right type of young woman—that is, the well-educated and refined girl of the period—will be attracted to the administrative side of the W.A.A.C. The workers are rolling up, and those who will have the officer tasks must also roll up. There has been great activity in the recruiting; but it has not been generally understood that the very best are required, and experience in some kind of work is necessary.

Defy Mud and Moisture.

Now we are coming on to February fill dyke, which will doubtless act up to its character and make things moist and muddy. There is ever balm in Gilead, taking the form in this case of the neat, smart, and yet thoroughly waterproofed clothes of “Aquascutum,” Ltd., 100, Regent Street. Officers simply swear by the fleece-lined trench-coats of this firm, which have not risen in price since 1914, and which are one of the “hits” of war in the way of palliating grave discomfort. Our ills at home are not so hard to bear, and our palliative Aquascutums are beautifully cut and smartly tailored, and of the most stylish and attractive cloths and tweeds, so that we can look our best in the worst climatic conditions, and shall do so because, so clad, we shall be quite comfortable. Over half-a-century of specialising in waterproofing has gone to realising the perfect Aquascutum of today.

A Cure for War Weariness.

Monte Carlo is “Verboten” only to the Hun. The days when Mein Herr and Mein Frau used to ruffle it—at the least possible expense and in the least possible clothes—in this sunny and lovely spot are over. For civilised folk the Sunny South is still one of the pleasantest of possibilities. There are many convalescent officers there, whose friends are delighted to be near them; there are splendid concerts, and a special Opera season, organised by M. Gunsbourg, beginning next month and going on through March and April. The Casino and the Thermal Establishment are open; and there are golf and tennis and all sorts of amusement for visitors. The journey is by no means difficult, and the cure for war weariness is sure and certain. After three-and-a-half years of strain, a stay in this centre of the Sunny South is a magnificent stimulant to carry on.

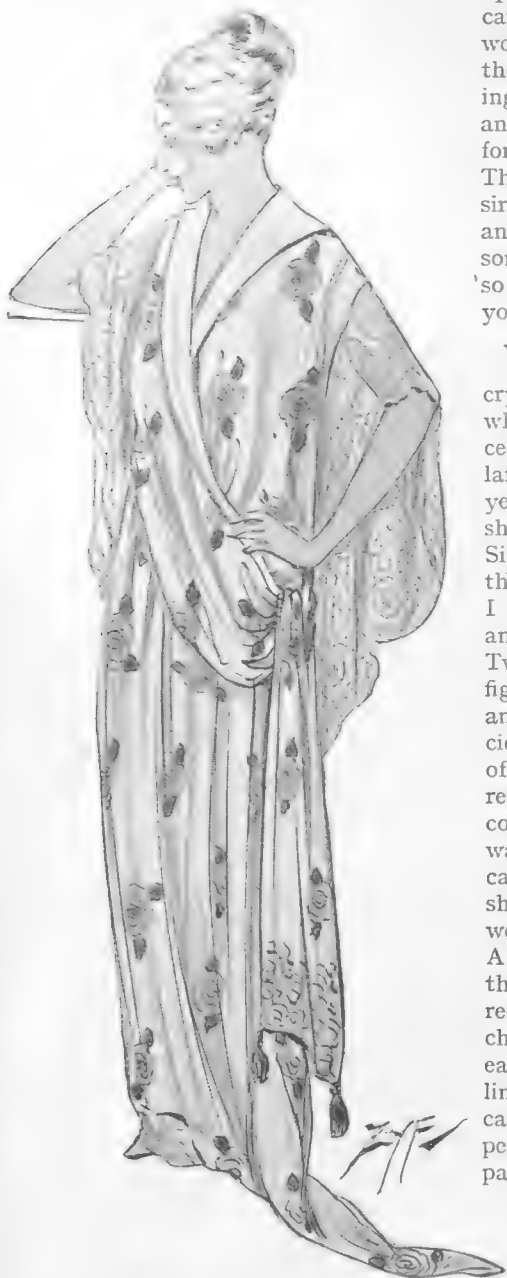
The Ubiquitous Woman.

It is curious, even in these abnormal times, but it is quite wonderful, what a stimulus has been given to every form of feminine activity now that the Vote is to be given to women. It has come after many years, but it is pleasant to think that it has come as a right, well earned, rather than as a privilege graciously conceded by the sex which had been always in possession of it. No doubt the countless methods of proving themselves of real value to the country which have been very manifest since the outbreak of war are to be thanked. At any rate, one need not worry about reasons now that women have at last come into their rights in real earnest.



THE ELEGANCE OF THE HIGH COLLAR.

When all is said and done, there is a certain “chic” about a very high collar which it is difficult to surpass, and this is well shown in this frock of grey duvetyn and black velvet, with vest and sleeves of pale grey rinon adorned with red coral buttons. The overdress is edged with grey fur and has a girdle of coral beads.



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This is made of white brocaded rose and silver rinon. The cape is of shadow lace.



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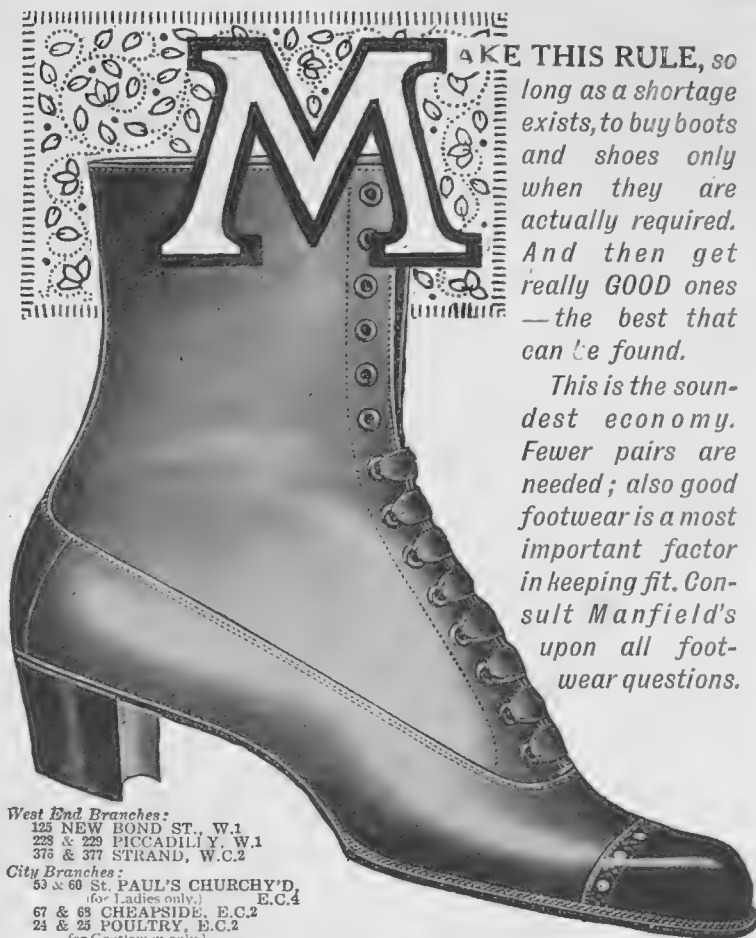


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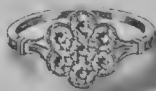
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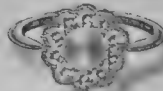
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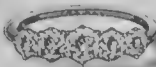
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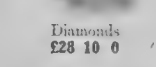
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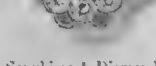
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THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



WHATEVER else we lack, there is no present danger of our having to wait in a queue because of a shortage of poets.

They were never more plentiful. Most of them are, of course, lost in the crowd, but a few stand out unmistakably, and one of the few is Wilfrid Gibson. Perhaps because I so much admire his other books—"Livelihood," "Fires," "Daily Bread"—I do not like to confess that, with two or three exceptions (such as the poignant lyrics, "Otterburn" and "Lament"), the poems in "Whin" have rather disappointed me. That stark simplicity of manner which has hitherto been his strength seems degenerating here into a mannerism. It is no longer his own simplicity, but an imitation of the simplicity of the past, and as artificial as the Jacobean sideboard that was made last week in Wardour Street, and riddled with small-shot to give it the worm-holes that belong to the genuine article. Sometimes Mr. Gibson is satisfied with so tenuous a theme and such bald treatment of it as in "The Heron"—

'Twixt Hardlee Knowe and Brockielaw
Runs the Hyndlee Burn,
And there I saw a heron
Standing in the fern . . .

that one is irresistibly reminded of Johnson's burlesque of the extravagant poetical simplicities of certain of his contemporaries—

I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand.

And so obsessed is Mr. Gibson with the quaintness of place-names that he begins poem after poem in that same fashion, as thus—

'Twixt Coldmouth Hill and Butter
stone Shank;
'Twixt Carrowborough Edge and Set-
tlingstones;
'Twixt Riddlees Cairn and Corby Pike;
By Hungry Law and Grindstone Law;
By Raven Burn and Carlin Tooth;
By Seven Pikes to Blackmoor
Skirt . . .

till the whole thing loses the effect of spontaneity and becomes an obvious trick. As soon as a trick becomes that, the magic is gone from it—and when he is himself Mr. Gibson is a true magician.

Not so long ago I recommended "Stealthy Terror" to all who have a weakness for sensational fiction; and I would recommend as strongly "The Man with the Club-Foot," another romance of the German Secret Service, and one that, for perilously exciting situations, and ingenious, hairbreadth escapes, will take a lot of beating. As entertaining in a different fashion is "Paying Guests," a racily humorous story out of Australia. The Jennings family are a delightful quartet. They have had a bad season on the farm, and, to raise funds for their annual holiday, Nella and her mother pocket their pride and advertise for paying guests. When the guests arrive at that remote bush-station and realise the rest-cure they are to get for their money—then the fun begins.

Cassell and Martin Secker announce new novels by Arnold Bennett and Compton Mackenzie; and here already is one (from Macmillan) by Hugh Walpole. Readers who are careless of art so long as they get an interesting story, and those who care less for the story than for the art with which it is told, will find what they want in "The Green Mirror." When, in a dedication, Mr. Walpole calls it "uneventful," and is afraid it belongs "in style and method and subject to a day that seems to us old-fashioned," I am convinced again that an author is as bad a judge of his own work as every man is of the portrait of himself. "The Green Mirror" reflects the conflict raging around us at this hour between the octopus-like traditions of family life, the suffocating conventions of the old world

that is passing away, and the larger, finer ideals of the new world that is discovering itself. And it is so eventful that in less capable hands it would have been a story of thrilling sentiment and sensation; but Mr. Walpole touches in his incidents with a subtle reticence—realistically, and with a quiet humour; and he so absorbs you in the psychology of his characters as to leave you feeling, at last, that, if this be the old-fashioned style, we shall be lucky if the new is as good.

That struggle between the ideas of yesterday and to-morrow clashes throughout Miss Lind-Af-Hageby's "Mountain Meditations." She has a shrewd sense of humour, and the breadth of vision that generally goes along with it. She is suggestive and eminently reasonable, whether she writes of spiritualism, in "Borderland," of "Reformers," "Nationality," or of "Religion in Transition"—which last might be helpful in particular to those Bishops just now up in arms against Dean Henson, who won't toe the line on the question of the Virgin Birth.

You may learn what the raw ideals of the day before yesterday are capable of by reading "The Trail of the Barbarians," "In the Land of Death," and "Deductions from the World War." The first two are eye-witness testimonies to the wanton, senseless cruelty of the Huns to any who are at their mercy; the third reveals the mental outlook of a General of the German Imperial Staff, and makes it clear that three years of bloodshed could teach him and his kind nothing—except that they have made mistakes in this war which they must not make in the next. He justifies what has happened in Belgium, and takes for granted that the earth must be the All Highest's and the fullness thereof, and that therefore another war is inevitable. A sweet protégé for the Pacifists.

The best of the Irish literary studies in "Appreciations and Depreciations" are on Standish O'Grady, John Eglinton, and "A. E." Mr. Boyd appreciates Edward Dowden, and praises his critical acumen in recognising the genius of Whitman; but complains that he did not extend a similar recognition to O'Grady and other Irish writers. So apparently Dowden's judgment was only sound when it coincided with Mr. Boyd's. He dubs Shaw an Irish Protestant, and seems to hold that

the real Irish, the "Irish Irish," are essentially Catholics, which would turn the nation into a self-centred, primitive tribe, fitted out complete with a tribal god. But, as he certainly does not understand Shaw, he may be fallible about Ireland.

BOOKS TO READ.

- Whin. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Macmillan.)
The Man with the Club-Foot. By Douglas Valentine. (Herbert Jenkins.)
Paying Guests. By Tarella Quin. (Melbourne: Lothian Book Company.)
The Green Mirror. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan.)
Mountain Meditations. By L. Lind-Af-Hageby. (Allen and Unwin.)
The Trail of the Barbarians. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Ford Madox Huffer. Illustrated. (Longmans.)
In the Land of Death. Translated from the French of Benjamin Vallotton. Illustrated. (Cassell.)
Deductions from the World War. By Lieut.-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. (Constable.)
Appreciations and Depreciations. By Ernest A. Boyd. (Fisher Unwin.)
The Achievement of the British Navy in the World War. By John Leyland. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
My Round of the War: A Personal Narrative. By Basil Clarke. (Heinemann.)



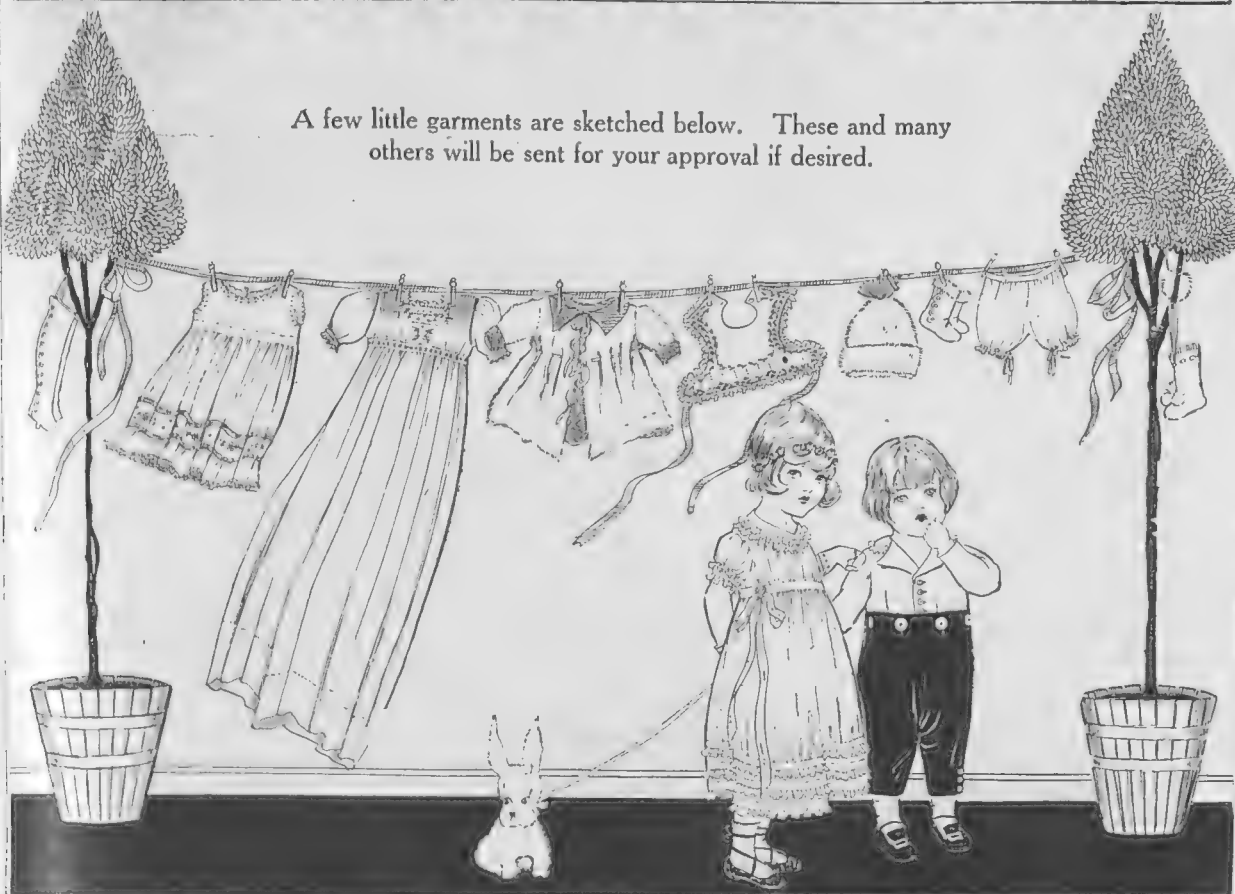
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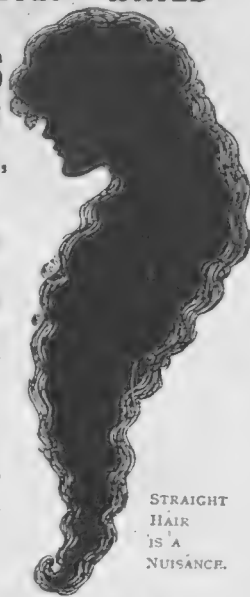
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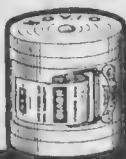
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CUMULATIVE COST: PROHIBITIONS AND PERMITS: WAR-WOMEN ON THE WING.

Costly Fire-Engines.

Some day there will have to be an anthology of Ford stories, so numerous are the flowers of humour that have grown round the famous Yankee runabout and the maker thereof. The latest yarn, none the less, is interesting rather than amusing, and serves to point a definite moral. It appears that the Ford Company received an order for three hundred cars of standard pattern, but with the proviso that they were to be painted red, as they were wanted for fire-brigade work. The average builder of standardised cars would either have refused the order or arranged to have the painting done by sub-contract. Not so Mr. Henry Ford. The cars were duly incarnadined in his own works by his own men, and the job cost him—let the sum be stated in words, so that there be no mistake—fifty thousand pounds! And why? Painting the cars in a special colour held up the whole factory for fifty hours, at a loss of a thousand pounds per hour. The system under which the place is run is that of a chain, of which every department provides a link; hence, if there be the slightest interruption in any one quarter the entire output is held up. Consequently, while the paint-shop was busy with its special pots of red paint every anterior process in the manufacture of the chassis that should have been passing through was suspended, for there would have been nothing gained by carrying on. Of course, Mr. Ford incurred the loss as an advertisement, in order that it might serve as an object-lesson of his wonderful method, by which the work of building up a car is so carefully apportioned as to time and labour in each compartment that the completed chassis come forth in one continuous stream to the tune of over 3000 per day.

When May One Hire?

Reports continue to appear in the Press of prosecutions for illegal employment of a hired motor vehicle. One may not hire a car, for example, to go to one's own or anyone else's wedding; but motoring to a funeral is placed within the category of permissible undertakings (no pun intended). From the frequency with which prosecutions continue to be chronicled, it is obvious that considerable misapprehension still prevails among those who have not had an opportunity of perusing the latest regulations on the subject, and in these circumstances I append herewith the full list of uses to which a hired car may be put: "(1) For the conveyance of a person or goods to or from the nearest convenient railway station or port in connection with a journey by rail or sea; (2) For the purpose of the profession, trade, or business carried on by, or the necessary household affairs of, the person hiring the car; (3) For the performance of a public duty by the person hiring the car; (4) On any sudden or urgent

necessity, when life or limb is or may be endangered; (5) For the conveyance of a sick or injured person for the purpose of receiving medical treatment, or for the removal of such persons from a hospital or nursing home or from one residence to another, or for the purpose of attendance upon such persons, and for visiting a person who is dangerously ill; (6) For funerals; (7) For Red Cross purposes."

Flying Amazons.

A day or two ago I heard a rumour to the effect that the Flying Corps of the Belgian Army included some women members, but so far I have not succeeded in obtaining either a confirmation or a denial of the story. From America, however, comes a definite statement that the American air force is enrolling women pilots, headed by Miss Ruth Law, whose one ambition is to be the first, so it is alleged, to drop bombs on Potsdam. For the present, however, one may take leave to add a measure of salt to this interesting message. Of course, so far as flying itself is concerned, there is nothing impossible in the idea of women pilots; while, as for Miss Law, I mentioned a few weeks ago

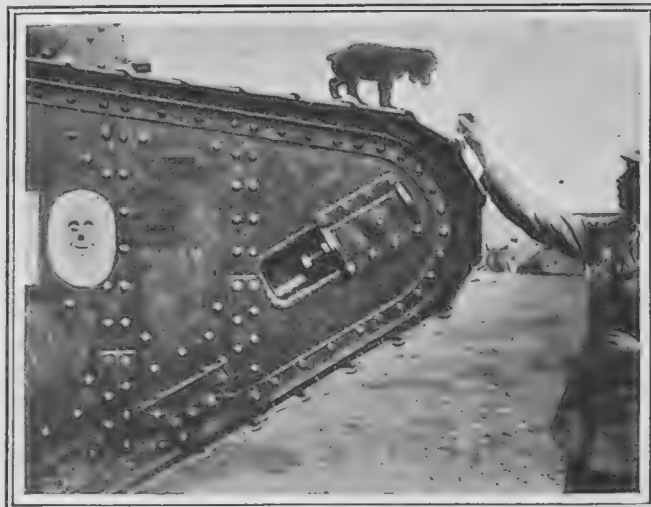
that she had flown from Chicago to New York practically without a stop, having only descended after 700-odd miles on account of a frozen carburetter. But, however willing the women may be themselves, the average Squadron-Commander will not relish the prospect of having to order a woman pilot to go out to meet a Hun fighting scout on the prowl.

"A Little Learning."

An aeroplane weekly has essayed to crack a joke in Latin. The effort at being humorous in war-time may be praiseworthy enough, but the use of *sursum cauda* as a would-be witty variant of *sursum corda* has the conspicuous demerit of being very faulty Latin, and is one of the oft-recurring examples of a failure to distinguish between the termination "a" as a feminine singular nominative and a neuter plural.

In technical journals one may even see references to "this data," while the average committee-man always refers to "agenda" in the singular. *Sursum cauda*, however, has once been eclipsed in heresy. Many years ago, the now defunct *Speaker*, a sixpenny weekly from the ashes of which rose the *Nation*, gave birth to what was probably the most appalling howler on record. Desirous of referring to indispensable manuals in the aggregate, it concocted the phrase *vade meca*! Of course, the would-be erudite scribe imagined that the second word of the original

vade mecum was a neuter singular, whereas every first-form schoolboy on the classical side knows that it is not a substantive at all, but the two words *cum me* transposed and coupled. Verily, "a little learning is a dangerous thing."



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THE WINTRY WESTERN FRONT: TOMMIES TO THE AID OF A FRENCH OFFICER.
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ALL ABOUT BOOKS.

"Mistress of Men." Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart were scrapping, Shakespeare was dog's-earing his Latin grammar, as Mrs. Steel's heroine was born. Now how much wiser is everybody? Not to appear a prig, in the same line that I write the 'seventies of the sixteenth century I confess to sneaking Julia Herrick's history-book from her satchel—she being in bed. But Mrs. Steel's "Mistress of Men" (Heinemann) is not a story of England; it is a solid slice of Indian history, which does not prevent it being besides the jewelled fairy-tale that it is, fragrant with roses and Hafiz and romance. I think I have read most of Mrs. Steel's Indian novels, and liked them all; yet in retrospect they seem to be merely a string of curious and interesting beads for this curious and beautiful pendant. The little lusty Indian baby born while Mary and Elizabeth scrapped and Shakespeare thumbed his grammar was thrown out, drugged, to die upon the desert sand. It was a girl, you see. Forty years later she became the adored wife of Jahangir, Emperor of all the Indies, Encircler of the World. That is the amazing truth of her history. Kings have picked wives even from the gutter, but forty is an unlikely age for the bride. Mihr-un-nissa (Queen of Women) had but to give audience to this mighty Emperor, and—in spite of her forty years in a country where girls of eighteen weep that they are too old to marry—in two months she was his Empress, and, by virtue of her brains, the ruler of him and his people. She was the Chaste Helen of the East; her beauty and her talisman cup carved out of a great ruby are legends in India to this day, and from the legend and the old manuscripts Mrs. Steel has made a work of great beauty. It is quite useless for her to suggest that



PETER IN "PETER PAN" ON TOUR: MISS EVA EMBURY.
Photograph by Rita Martin.

the book is a mere setting-down of the old records. It is as much her own as "Tristram" is Wagner's or Swinburne's. Like jade she has carved it, and polished it like lacquer, till within its quaint, faithful design there may be seen not only the hearts of a man and a woman, Emperor and Empress, but the minds and manners of a nation. India's pink-and-white walls, her terraced gardens, her feasts and feuds, the tigers, the heavy-scented orange-trees, the yards of Decca muslin that go to a woman's veil—what a medley it all is! How I should like to order violet sherbet and candied rose-leaves next time I am at the Café Royal after 9.30 p.m.! And what fun it would be if King George got himself weighed each year in front of Buckingham Palace against a heap of gold and rubies, the weight of them at which his Majesty turned the scale going to the Red Cross, or War Bonds, or whatever! Well, "Mistress of Men" will do more than take you out of yourselves—it will take you to the heart of India, which probably beats now much as it did in the seventeenth century.

"Carrying On after the First Hundred Thousand." From the Battle of Loos to the Battle of the Somme, "The Junior Sub," Ian Hay, carries on with "The Carrying On after the First Hundred Thousand" (Blackwood). Gone were the days, he says, when sitting close and sticking it out, our men consoled themselves that by the end of the week the gunners would have collected enough ammunition to justify a few brief hours' retaliation. For every Boche battery that opens on us, two or three of ours thunder back a reply. Bad starters but good stayers that we are, we have made good. It is very jolly to drop in on an undress army any old time with Lieutenant Hay. To see them when served out with furs, Corporal Mucklewarne looking like a St. Bernard with astrachan forelegs, Sergeant Carfrae in Nana the dog nurse's skin in

(Continued overleaf.)

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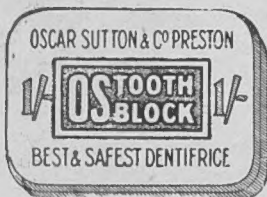


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Continued.]

"Peter Pan," Private Nigg an imitation leopard (as he passes by, facetious persons pull what is left of his tail). And the steel helmets modelled on those worn in the French Army—and as much like the original, Mr. Hay truly says, as a Thames barge is like a racing yacht. They are heavy, and not becoming to the beauty rampant in "K's"; so one man stuck his on a parapet like a foundling on a doorstep, and departed to report it "lost through the exigencies of military service"; another wore his insecurely perched upon the top of his Tam-o'-Shanter bonnet, where it looked like a very large ostrich-egg in a very small khaki nest; a third, setting his up on a convenient post, opened rapid fire upon it at a range of six yards; and a fourth, removing the lining, washed in it. "This," said Colonel Kemp, "will never do; we must start wearing the dashed things ourselves." And it was so. Next day, to the joy of the battalion, their officers appeared wearing what looked like small sky-blue wash-basins balanced upon their heads. But discipline was excellent. No one even smiled. "I'm telling you, Jimmy, these tin-bunnets must be some use. Will we pit oors on?" Then there is the battalion changing its sector of trenches in black darkness, liquid mud ten inches deep, amid traffic of cross-roads like the noonday bustle of the Mansion House crossing. It takes a humourist to see the humour of it, and the humour of the Practical Joke Department, and the humour of the weather; but Mr. Hay is easily equal to it. He gives us a book after Mark Tapley's own heart in circumstances that Mark Tapley would have envied. Some credit in being cheerful those days and nights in Flanders. And behind those trenches, held by paladins of an almost incredible stolidity, one is conscious always of beautiful ruined Ypres, "still pointing her broken fingers to the sky."

"Soulmates." You may find it difficult to believe that I have sat five minutes by the clock rattling my fountain-pen against my teeth—one can't bite a fountain-pen, more's the pity!—with "Soulmates," by Miss Maud Yardley (Greening),

staring me in the face! Perhaps if I could bite the silly pen I might think of something relevant and adequate and appropriate. As it is, I get no further than repeating to myself in a hypnotic mutter what the cover assures me the contents to be—namely, "a great novel"—no, "the great novel." Personally, I feel the title gives the show away more than any words of mine could ever do. Does it appeal to you? "Soulmates"! If you like it, you will almost certainly like the book. If not, not. Be guided by it. Other ladies have written histories of distressful young women whose lovely little faces covered a tortured heart, who walked like well-bred, well-dressed phantoms through an inferno of circumstance and coincidence; but they have appeared with such non-committal titles as "Dolores Montmorency" or "Mary Smith." They might be anything—charming, impulsive Clarissa Harlowes, or canny, prudent Pamelas. Their biographies might be works of genius. Now "Soulmates" is a clearer matter. If you are drawn to it as a word, you will doubtless enjoy Kay's desperate fortunes and her messy plans to circumvent them. You will weep with her over her lover's death, stonily get her married to the respectable bounder she selected to father her child, and even rise to swallowing the re-appearance and explanation of the aforesaid lover.



A NEW LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE ADMIRALTY (UNPAID): MR. ARTHUR F. PEASE.

Mr. Pease takes the title, Second Civil Lord. He will undertake during the war the administration of the Director of Works Department and the programme of Naval Works. He is a Director of the North-Eastern Railway.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Militaire." Mr. Frank Armstrong will be at the organ, and will give, by special request, Beethoven selections. A dramatic sketch, "A Happy Pair," by Miss Sybil Ward and Mr. Sam L. Hasluck, is sure to be a much-appreciated item.

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